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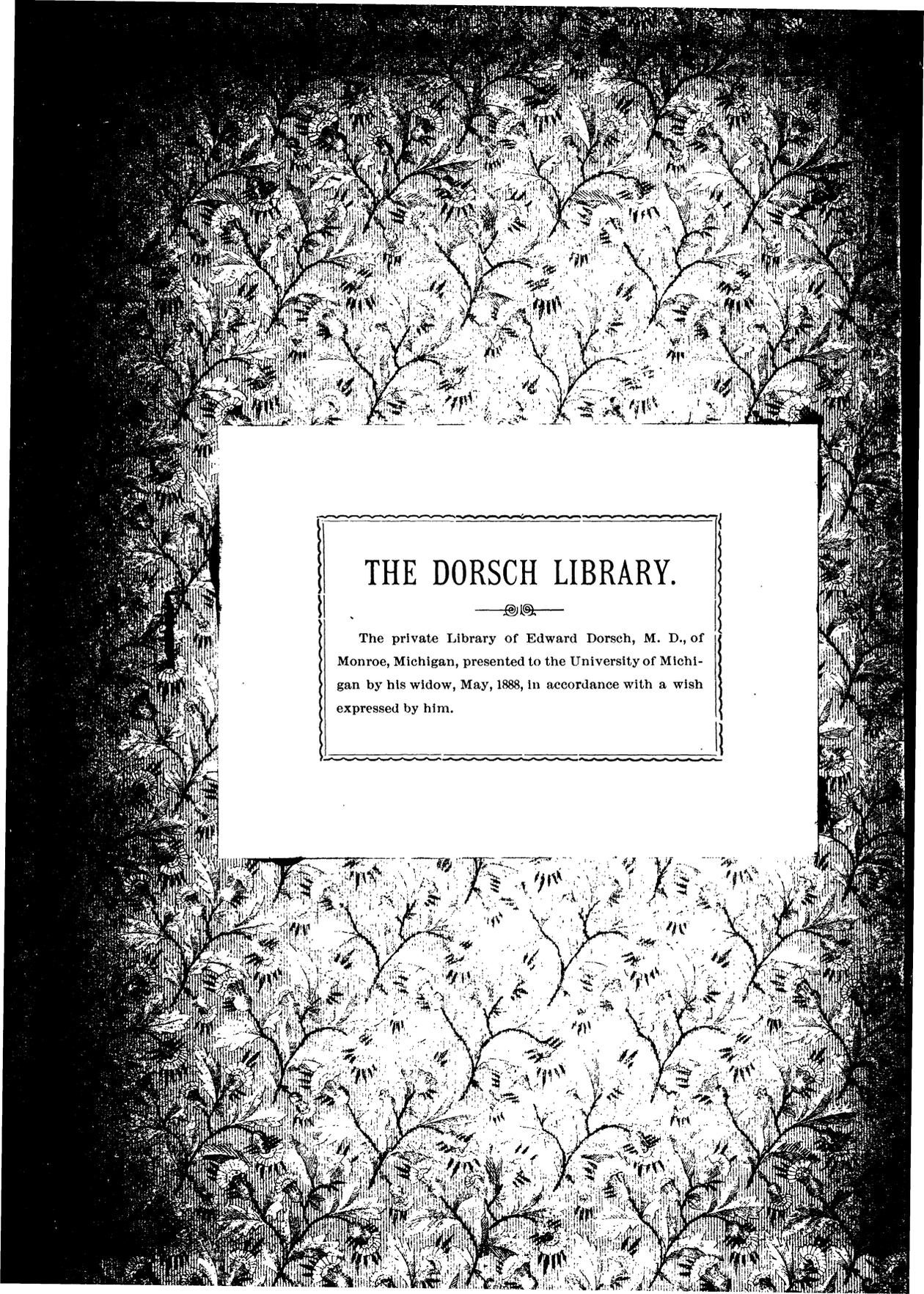
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New York (City) Illustrated

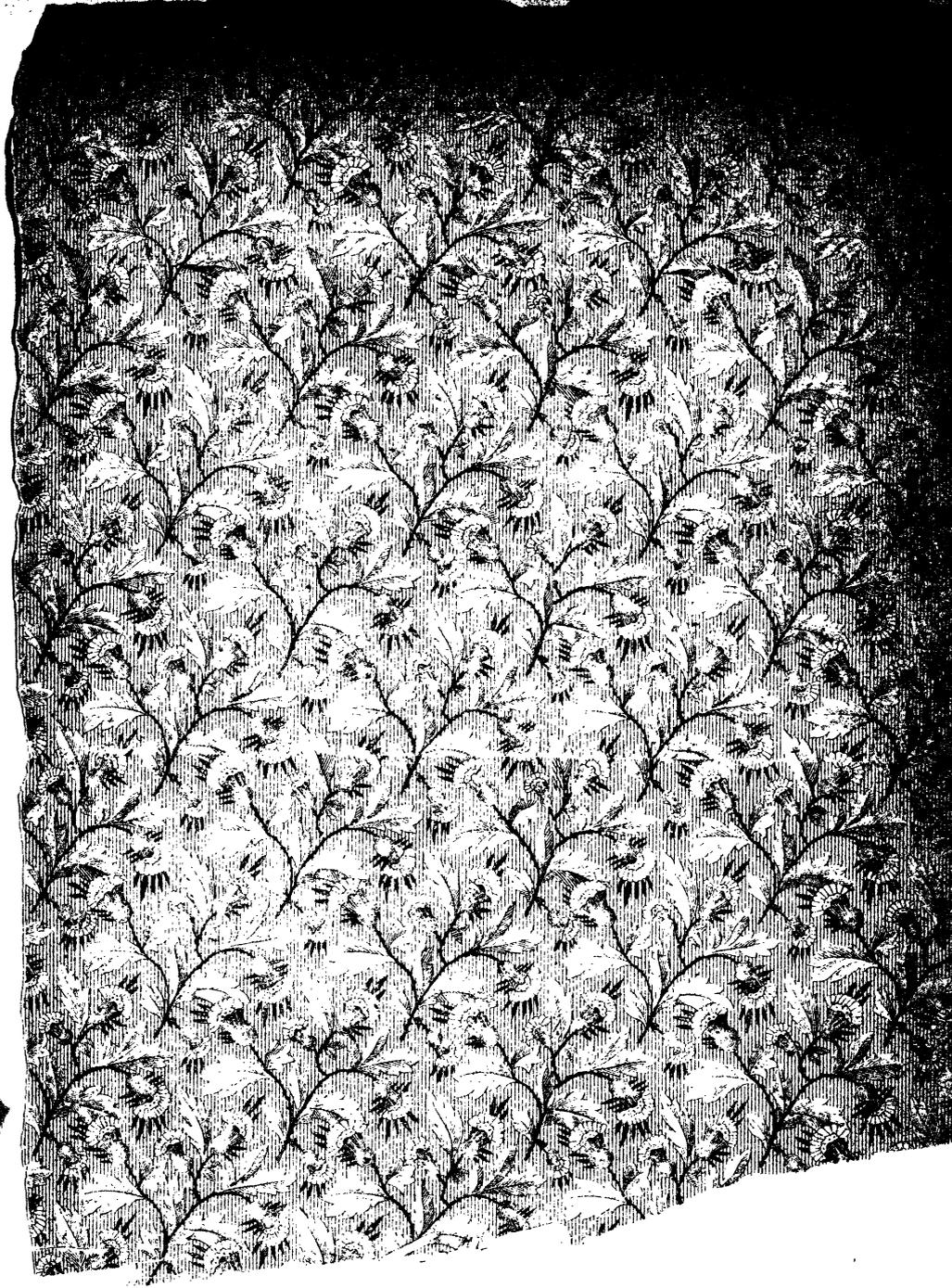
1885



THE DORSCH LIBRARY.



The private Library of Edward Dorsch, M. D., of
Monroe, Michigan, presented to the University of Michi-
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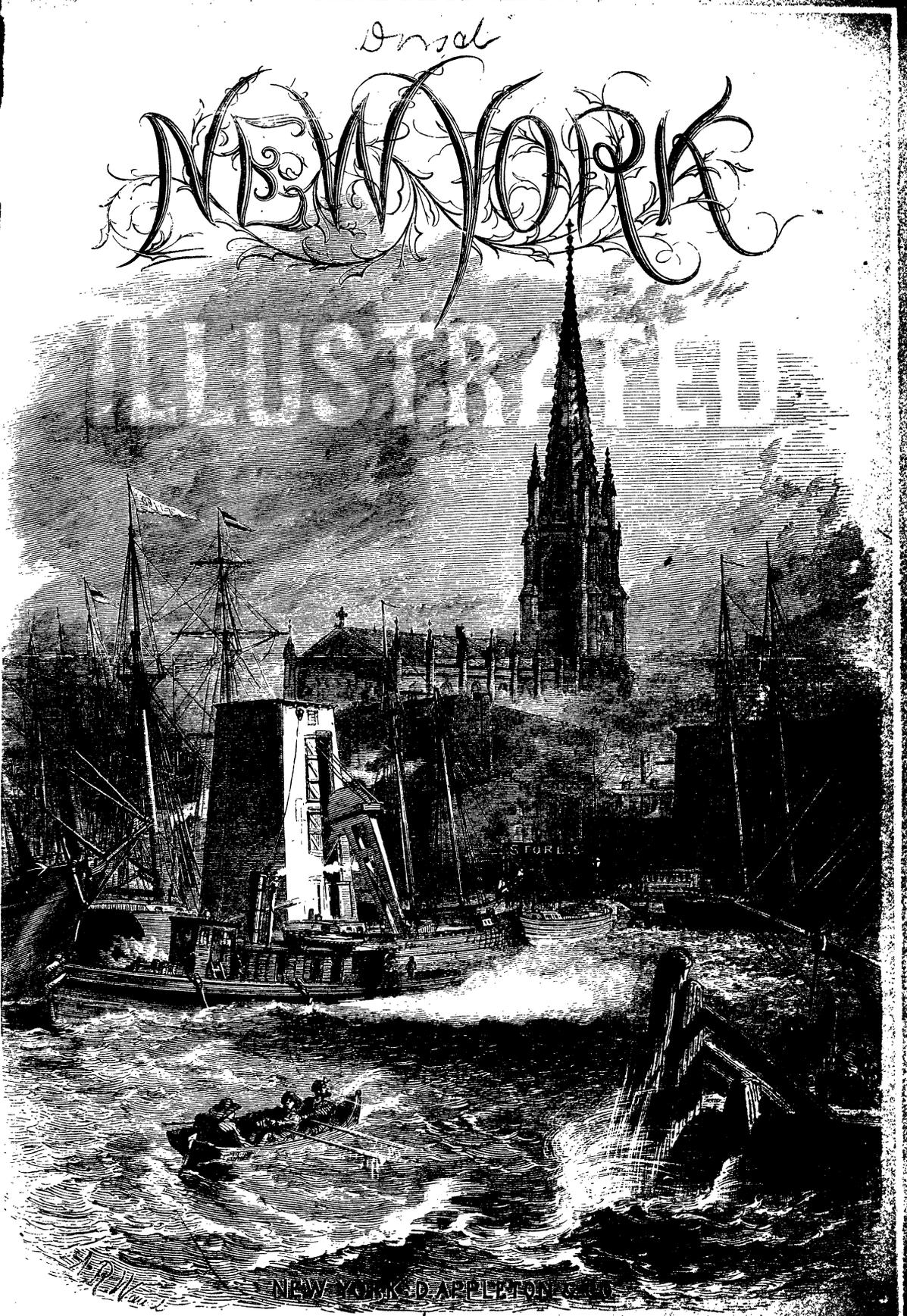
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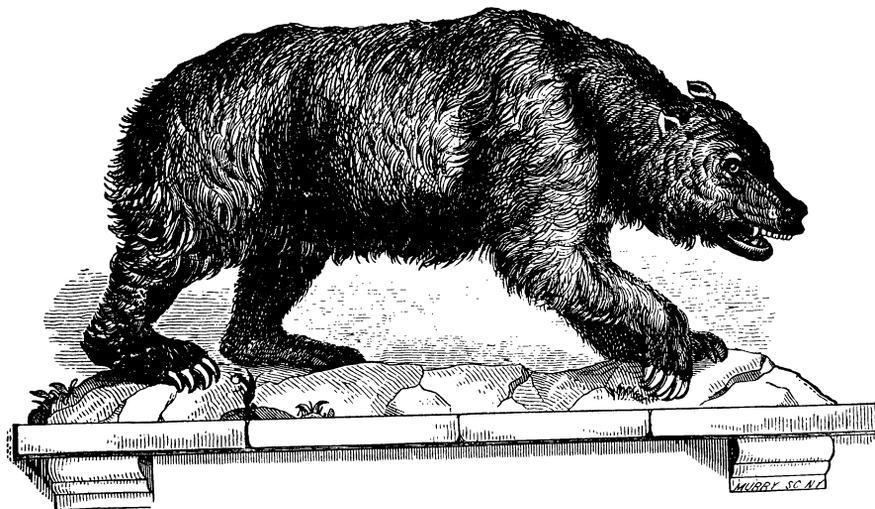
STORES

W. Wood

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.

1885

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS,



FUR DEALERS

AND

FURRIERS,

Nos. 502 & 504 Broadway,

Near Broome Street,

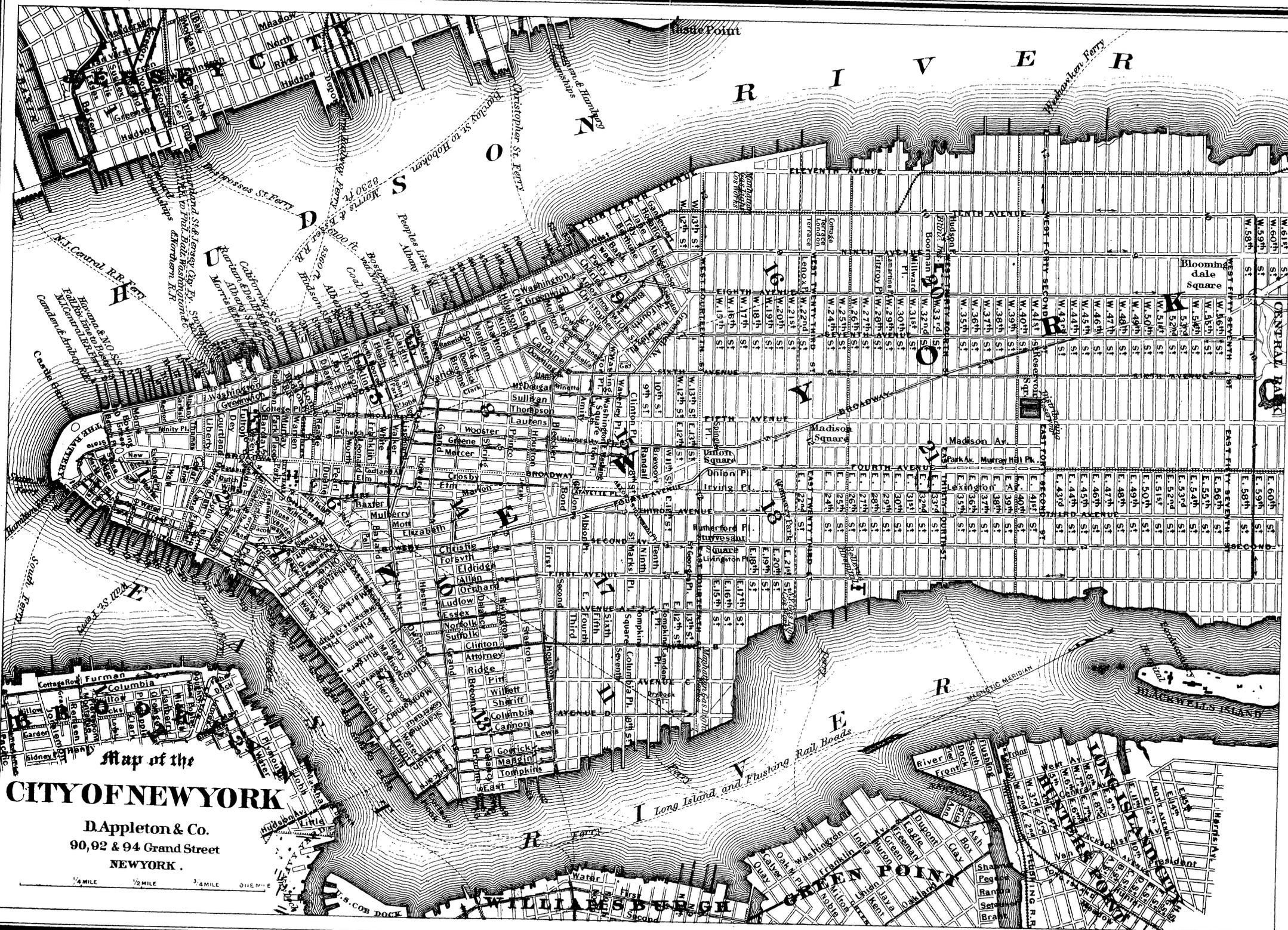
NEW YORK,

IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND SHIPPERS OF

RAW FURS AND SKINS.

Ladies' Furs, Fur Robes and Skins,
Gents' Furs, Children's Furs.

HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1820, BY CHRISTIAN G. GUNTHER.



**Map of the
CITY OF NEW YORK**

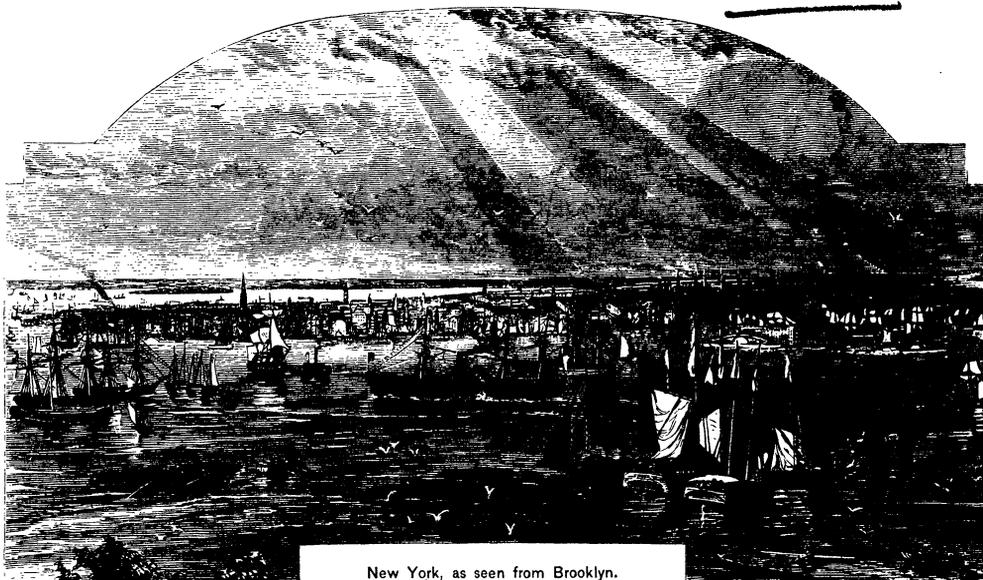
D. Appleton & Co.
90, 92 & 94 Grand Street
NEW YORK.

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1885.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.

5-15-43



New York, as seen from Brooklyn.

THE ISLAND CITY.

AS the eye of the visitor first takes in the island-city of New York from some commanding eminence—say Brooklyn Heights, which probably affords the most comprehensive view—a hundred questions arise in his mind, as to its dimensions, its gigantic commerce, its ships and docks and stately edifices, with numerous other statistical queries, upon which he may desire to be informed.

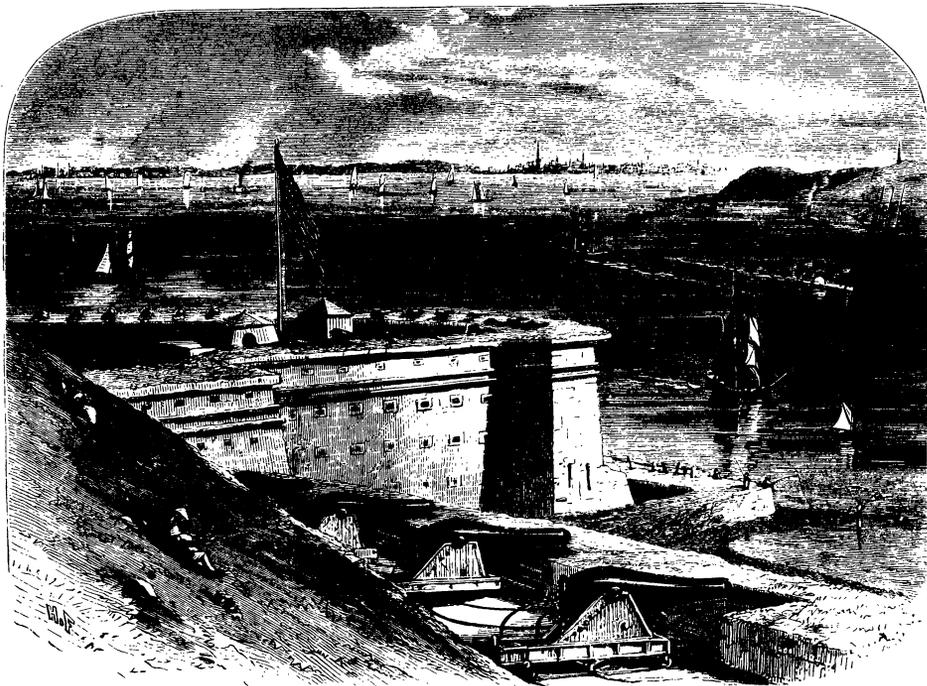
The city is situated at the mouth of the Hudson River, eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean, in latitude about 41° , longitude 74° .

The city and county are identical in limits, and occupy the entire surface of Manhattan Island; Randall's, Ward's, and Blackwell's Islands, in the East River; and Bedloe's, Ellis's, and Governor's Islands, in the bay—the last three being occupied by the United States Government.

Manhattan Island, on which the city proper stands, is thirteen and a half miles in length, with an average breadth of one and three-fifths miles, forming an area of nearly twenty-two square miles, or fourteen thousand acres. The islands in East River and the bay make four hundred additional acres.

New York Island is bounded on the north by Harlem River and Spuyten Devil Creek, which separate it from the main-land of the State, and present some exquisite scenery; on the east are Long Island Sound, with its clusters of beautiful islets, and East River; and the noble Hudson laves its western shore.

The surface of the island was originally very rough. A rocky ridge ran from the southern point northward, sending out several jagged spurs, which, after branching irregularly for about five miles, culminated in Washington Heights (two hundred and thirty-eight feet above tide-water), and in a sharp, precipitous promontory, one hundred and thirty feet high, at the northern extremity of the island. Most of the rock is too coarse for building purposes, and the entire stratum is evidently the production of some violent upheaval. Most of the lower portion of the island is composed of alluvial sand-beds; and there were also many swamps in different quarters, though the few remaining marshes are rapidly disappearing, and being filled in for new streets. The principal



New York from Fort Richmond.

swamp was the deep valley which crossed the island at Canal Street. It long ago shared this fate, and now forms the business centre of the city.

Manhattan Island is, by survey, divided into 141,486 lots, of which about 60,000 are built upon; so that, at a rough estimate, and making allowance for the number absorbed by Central Park, there is still room for as many more houses, and over double the present population.

The city proper extends from the southern extremity (Battery Point), and is compactly built for a distance of about six miles, and irregularly, on the east side, to Harlem, four miles further.

On the west side, it is almost solidly built to about Fifty-second Street, and thence irregularly to above Bloomingdale (Seventy-eighth Street), whence occur the refreshing greenness, and long lines of country-seats and elegant suburban residences of Manhattanville and Washington Heights.

The harbor of New York is one of the finest and most beautiful in the world.

The outer bar is at Sandy Hook, eighteen miles from the Battery, and is crossed by two ship-channels, which are from twenty-one to thirty-two feet deep at low, and from twenty-seven to thirty-nine feet at high, tide, admitting vessels of the heaviest draught—the monster Great Eastern having crossed the bar several times without difficulty or danger. The Narrows and the rivers surrounding the city are very deep, with strong tidal currents, keeping them in winter almost constantly clear of ice.

The magnificence of the city of New York at the present day, when we consider the many vicissitudes through which it has passed, is somewhat remarkable. Scathed by war, fire, riot, and pestilence, its growth from a village of 1,000 inhabitants, in 1656, to 1,250,000 at the present day—its vast public works, its magnificent buildings, its leagues of roaring thoroughfares, and its colossal commerce—afford the most imposing monument the world has ever seen of the speed with which a youthful people may stride to opulence and power.

The first establishment of regular lines of packets to Europe originated with New York, and she also claims the honor of the first experiments in steam-navigation. One of her greatest enterprises was the impulse she gave to the inland trade by the completion of the great Erie Canal, in 1825; when the union of the Atlantic with the lakes was announced by the firing of cannon along the whole line of the canal to the Hudson, and celebrated in New York by a magnificent aquatic procession, which deposited, with grand ceremonies, a portion of the waters of Lake Erie into the Atlantic Ocean.

The city, after suffering repeatedly from the scourge of the yellow fever, enjoyed comparative immunity from

similar calamities for a number of years ; but, in 1832, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance, and 4,362 persons became its victims. This calamity had scarcely passed, when the great conflagration of 1835 swept away, in a single night, more than 600 buildings, and property valued at over \$20,000,000.

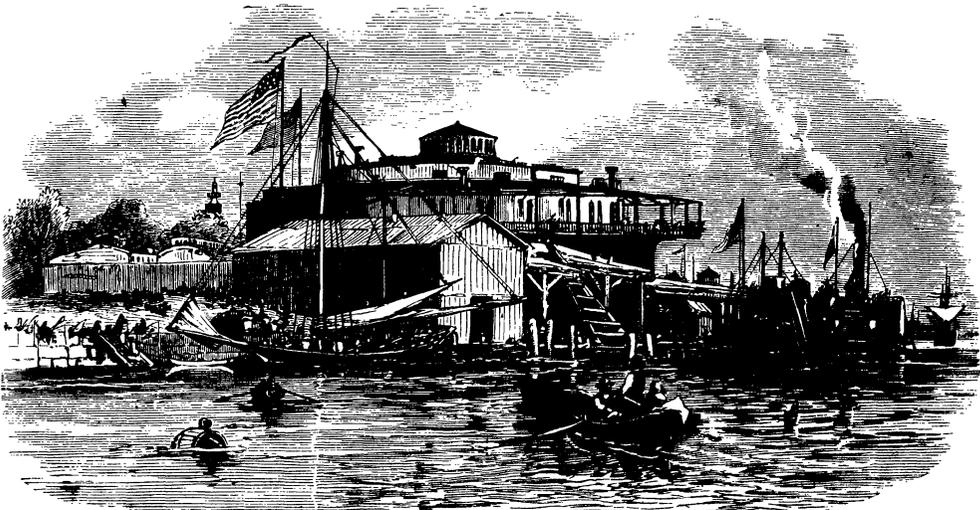
Another great fire occurred ten years later ; the Asian epidemic has repeatedly revisited her ; and great financial crises have shaken her public and private credit to their very centre—yet she stands to-day the handsomest, finest-situated city in the world, and the empire city of the Western Hemisphere.

NEW YORK FROM THE SEA.

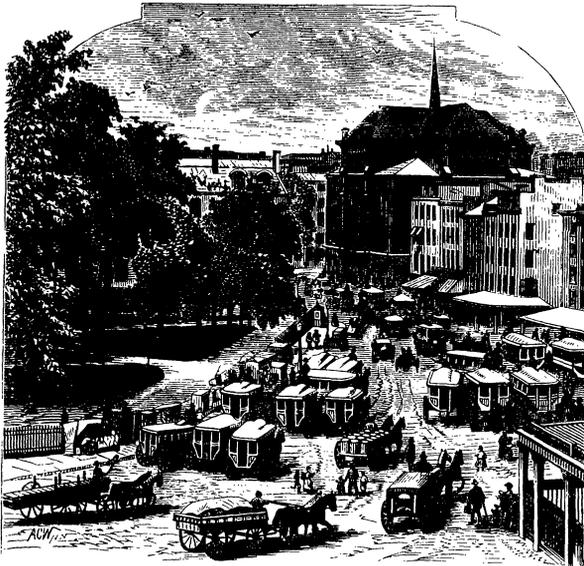
As the steamer enters New York Bay from the sea, and sails between the villa-crowned shores of Staten and Long Islands, through that contracted passage known as the Narrows—the gateway of our Western world, through which ceaselessly come and go the great ships and steamers, bearing flags of every nation, and connecting our waters with every sea—we observe on our left the massive battlements of Fort Richmond, or the water-battery of Fort Tompkins, at the lower verge of the Staten Island shore. These fortifications are quite new, are constructed of gray stone, mounted with guns of huge calibre, and are among the most imposing objects that first greet the vision of the passenger from the water-waste. The water-battery is the most fort-like in appearance, but, in the event of a fleet of iron-clads undertaking to force an entrance, would probably prove more vulnerable than the batteries on the heights, from which a continuous volley of plunging shot could be directed with as much effect as from Gibraltar or any stronghold in the world.

Opposite, on the Long Island shore, is the formidable Fort Hamilton, which numbers in its armament several of the celebrated Rodman guns, whose iron spherical shot of one thousand pounds would prove disagreeable to the sides of almost any iron ship-of-war that floats ; and also the old, round, red Fort Lafayette, isolated in the waves, and likely to prove more famous as a rebel prison than as an impregnable fortress in these days of improved warfare.

Passing amid these noble guardians of the entrance of our harbor, with a fleeting glimpse, if the weather is clear, of the foam-fringed neck of Coney Island, we soon see the great island-city of the Western Hemisphere extending before our gaze. To the left is Bedloe's Island, a mere bank in the water, almost *made* for the convenience of the United States Government in the construction of a fort. Another island-fort (Ellis's Island), smaller and more insignificant, stands still further toward the Jersey shore ; and then, well round the point of Governor's Island, stands old Fort Columbus, facing Castle Garden like a perpetual menace. As we sail beyond the westerly point of Governor's Island, in our upward sweep to our North River pier, the entire splendor of the empire city is spread before us like a dream. There are to be seen the crowd of sail upon the rivers, the puffing and busy tugs, the numerous ferry-boats, "the forest of masts," the big ships, the mammoth steamboats, Trinity spire, looming up so nobly, the dome of the City Hall, the well-known Castle Garden, the crowded Brooklyn



View of Castle Garden and Battery from the Bay.



Whitehall Street.

shores—all a brilliant and stirring panorama that few sights in the world can equal. At the extreme lower part of the island is

THE BATTERY,

one of the most striking monuments of respectability and beauty run to wretchedness and squalor, that can be found in any but the oldest countries. The Battery exists to-day an example of the changes a few years will bring. Without going back to the old time, when it was a great grass-grown field, sprinkled with windmills, and made homely with flocks and herds of pasturing sheep and cattle, men still in their prime can recollect it as the favorite promenade of the wealthiest and most fashionable class of the city. Hither came, on pleasant summer evenings, the fathers and mothers of the generation of to-day, for health, the fresh sea-breeze, flirtation, and enjoyment generally. They, in their unexpanded thought,

had more faith in it than their sons and daughters have in Central Park. They believed its plain stone wall and massive wooden railing were a monument of enterprise and engineering that could never be surpassed, and they were happy in their simple feeling, and content. Why, even fifteen years ago, there still remained an oasis of attraction for the votaries of art and fashion, which may be regarded as the last link connecting the tide that flowed up-town with the extremity of the island. This link was Castle Garden. In its own name and that of the ground whereon it stood, it explained the military nature of its origin. In times when 20-inch Rodmans were unknown and a "long 32" was regarded as the noblest work of artillerist genius, this unsightly old mass of circular masonry-work was the guardian sentinel upon Manhattan's bay-girt shores. After Castle Garden had smoothed its grim-visaged front of war, and got rid of the iron bulldogs that grinned so menacingly from its embrasures, it went to the other extreme, and gave itself up in a reckless manner to the lascivious pleasing of the lute. In point of fact, it became a music-hall. Therein, after it had gone through divers minor vicissitudes, was triumphantly introduced to the American public the incomparable Jenny Lind. Therein Jullien, in November, 1853, gave us the first of his marvellous series of monster popular concerts. Even so late as the fall of 1854, Grisi and Mario and Susini made its ancient walls echo to their melodious strains, and, for the last time, brought, thronging by Bowling Green and the Washington Hotel, long lines of carriages of appreciative throngs of upper-tendom. This was Castle Garden's closing glory. Within a few months it was transformed into an immigrant depot, and all its classic memories blotted out forever, except as they are held green in lingering memories. From this period forth the Battery degenerated with a velocity shocking to behold by citizens who had known it in its better days. It became a prey to the speculations of ruthless municipal officials and their friends, and rapidly sunk into the condition of a desolate and dissipated waste. A well-known public character obtained a contract to "fill in" the space between the old line of the Battery and the shoal just outside. He has been filling it for about twelve years, and the work seems as far from completion as ever. Instead of an addition to the space and beauty of the spot, it has been degraded to the level of a colossal dust-heap on one side and mouldering reminiscence of vegetation on the other. The very trees have become infected with the demoralizing atmosphere of the place, and even those scarcely arrived at maturity show signs of speedy dissolution. The usefulness of the Castle Garden Immigrant Depot, as a means of shielding from extortion and violence the multitudes continually arriving here from other countries, is the only redeeming feature of the place. That, at least, is an inestimable benefit to the most defenceless portion of the community.

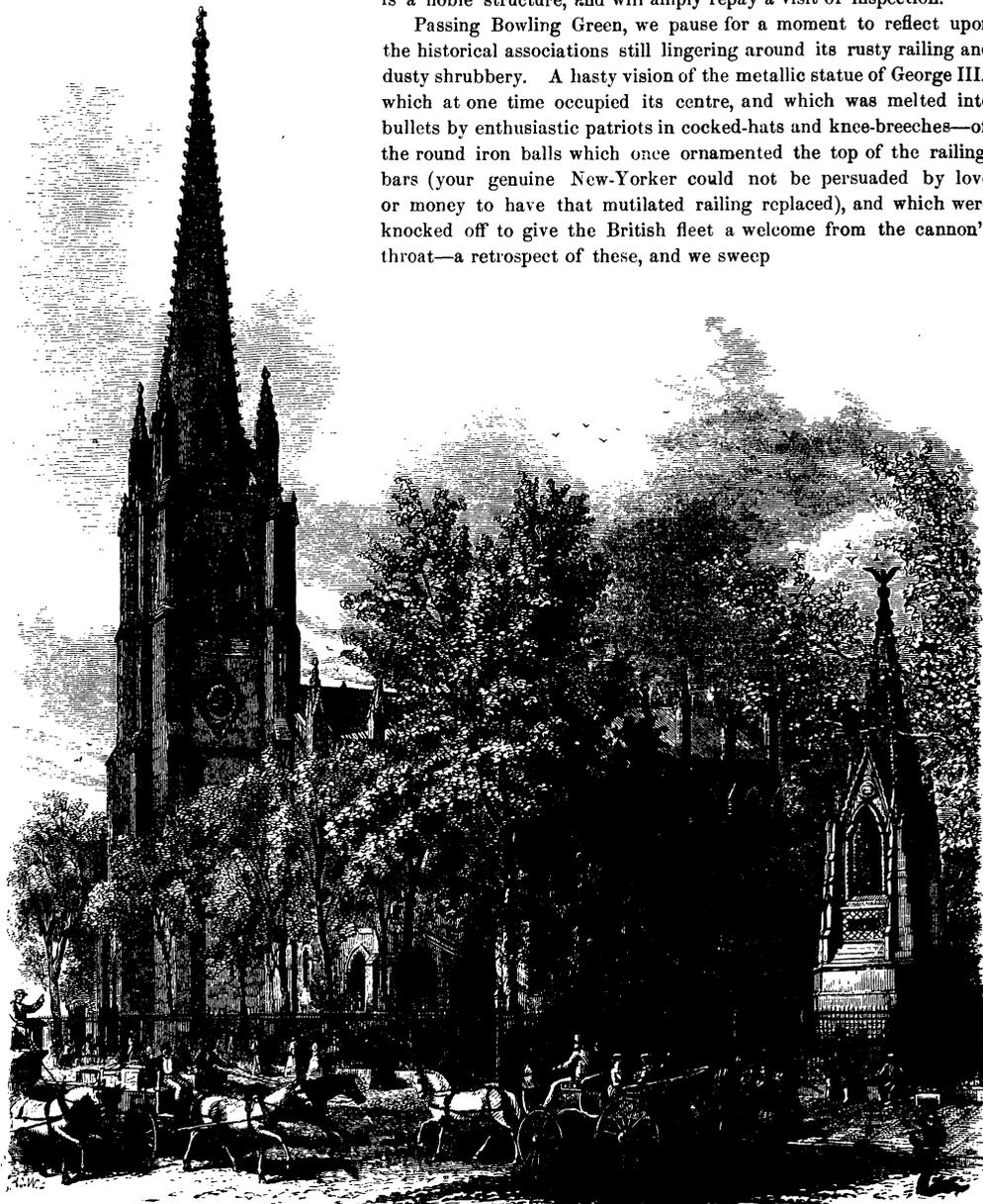
If we pursue a methodical course in our progress through the city, after reaching the Battery, the most interesting thoroughfare will be Whitehall, leading from the South and Staten Island ferry-stations along the eastern border of the Battery, and thence sweeping up the hill to Bowling Green, presenting one of the most bustling scenes, especially in respect to stage or omnibus, and not devoid of historical interest.

Here, to the left, where now stands the Governor's Island boat-house, detachment after detachment of

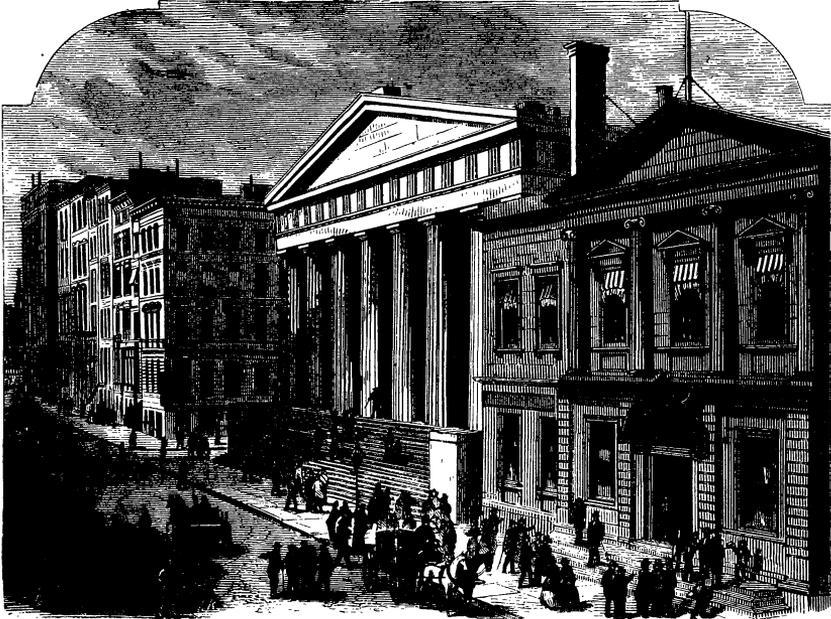
British troops and marines were landed from the ponderous frigates which, in Revolutionary times, controlled our city and harbor. The red-coats glittered proudly up this thoroughfare, now presenting such an altered aspect, to the infinite disgust of the old-time Knickerbockers. And there, as one passes up, is a glimpse of the white front of Washington's old headquarters, the dilapidated building intervening, which was occupied by British officers, and the old building now forming the headquarters of our Harbor Police. The space just back of the ferry-houses is occupied as the lower termini of upward of a dozen lines of stages. The passenger by either the South or Staten Island ferry-boats can here, with scarcely a moment's delay, take passage to almost any quarter of the upper part of the island.

The Corn Exchange, located at the upper end of Whitehall, was erected a few years ago. It is built of brick, is a noble structure, and will amply repay a visit of inspection.

Passing Bowling Green, we pause for a moment to reflect upon the historical associations still lingering around its rusty railing and dusty shrubbery. A hasty vision of the metallic statue of George III., which at one time occupied its centre, and which was melted into bullets by enthusiastic patriots in cocked-hats and knee-breeches—of the round iron balls which once ornamented the top of the railing-bars (your genuine New-Yorker could not be persuaded by love or money to have that mutilated railing replaced), and which were knocked off to give the British fleet a welcome from the cannon's throat—a retrospect of these, and we sweep



Trinity Church and Martyrs' Monument.



Treasury Building, and Wall Street looking West.

UP BROADWAY,

the noble chief artery of the metropolis, which slowly brightens and expands with gleaming marble and rich brown-stone, as we proceed.

Trinity Church, just opposite the mouth of Wall Street (the golden gate of fortunes made and fortunes lost, at the turning of a card, or the click, click of the telegraph-operator's machine), is the first object to attract our attention by its beauty and magnitude.

All New-Yorkers are proud of Trinity Church. The architecture is not the pure Gothic—so rarely attained—but the height of the steeple (two hundred and eighty-four feet), and its general architectural beauty and solidity redeem it from any slurs that may be thrown out by hypercritics. Moreover, there is hardly any thing pinchbeck in the entire structure. It is solid brown-stone, from foundation to spire, with the exception of the roof, which is wood. The walls of the church itself are fifty feet in height, and the whole edifice is generally recognized as one of the most elegant and cathedral-like on this continent. The graveyard of old Trinity occupies nearly two acres of ground (or it did so at one time), and within it are many venerated tombs.

Stop before this large but simple mausoleum. The winds and the rains of half a century have worn away a portion of the characters, and the thin moss which is generated from our eastern mists has cast its delicate greenness over the smooth marble; but, underneath, reposes the body of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of George Washington, and the victim of the memorable and unfortunate duel with Aaron Burr.

The tomb of Captain Lawrence, the hero of the "Chesapeake"—whose dying words, "Never give up the ship," will never perish from the English tongue—is close by the main entrance. It is looked upon by strangers in our city with the same interest that they go to see the weather-worn slab enclosing the skeleton of Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia.

The chief monument in the graveyard is that erected to the memory of the American patriots who died in British prisons while the city was under British rule. It is a very simple shaft of brown-stone, resembling the monumental crosses often found in European cities; and, in purity of Gothic architecture, surpasses the church itself.

Besides these, there are many old gravestones, even within a few feet of Broadway, which are probably even more interesting to the strangers, gazing through that long line of iron railing, extending from Thames Street to Rector Street, on the west side of Broadway. Here, for instance, we have, in mouldering brown-stone lettering, the statement of the fact that "Susannah Gregory, the spouse of Jonas Gregory, died in the year 1787;" and, just beneath, despite the earth which the last rain has beaten up against the lettering, we make out (but very dimly) that the good-man Jonas followed his good-wife Susannah to the eternal rest, only two years afterward.

"Thomas Wilkins, the infant son of Maria and Tobias Wilkins, aged one year three months," made a tombstone (almost illegible) for himself in 1765, when our fathers were toasting King George III. at their banquets, and before there was any idea of making a big teapot out of Boston Harbor. Next to this repose the last "mortal relics" of "George Van Krüser, slain while fighting in the War of Independence, in the year of our Lord 1781." Two lines of verse are under his name. Time has effaced them, but "George" probably sleeps as soundly as if they glinted out brightly and broadly to every Broadway loungee who cares to pause and muse over these time-honored, time-stained monuments of the past.

The chimes of Old Trinity are surpassed by very few bells in the world. On all holidays the operator peals forth the most delightful music, his selections including patriotic as well as religious airs. The chimes are, indeed, considered so important, that their programme for the next day is usually reported in the daily papers.

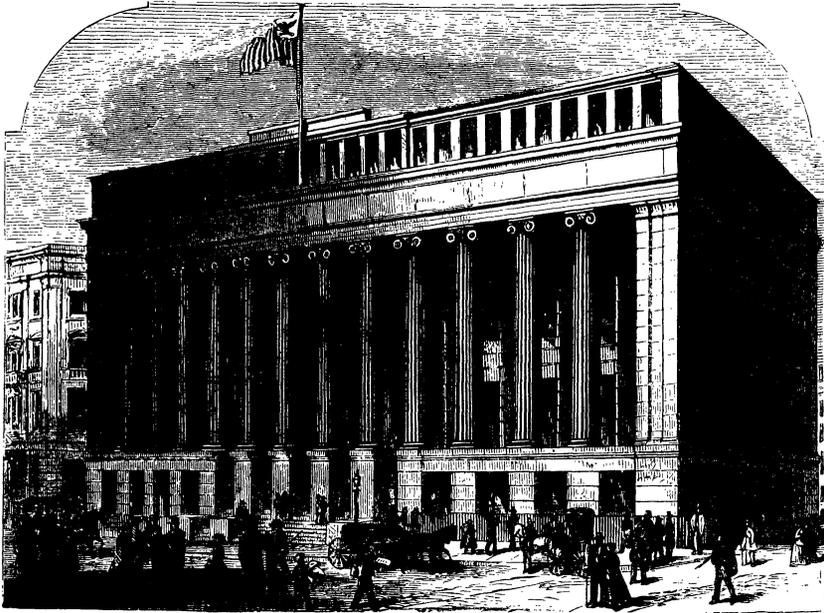
Trinity itself is the oldest church in the city. The first edifice was destroyed by fire in 1776, and was rebuilt in 1790. It was afterward (in 1839) pulled down. The present noble structure was finished and consecrated in 1846.

The view from the lookout in Trinity tower is the finest that can be afforded in the city of New York. It extends from the Highlands of New Jersey (and, in clear weather, from Sandy Hook), far up into the Palisades, and up among the picturesque islands that throng the throat of Long Island Sound. The perquisite received by the sexton is merely nominal, and no stranger should quit the metropolis without making this famous ascent.

In all the old churches of New York the plan of a collegiate charge was the rule. Trinity Church was con-



Nassau Street, North from Wall Street.



Custom-House.

sidered the parish church, and, therefore, had a collegiate charge. St. John's, St. George's, and St. Paul's were considered "chapels" merely.

Before passing from beneath the shadow of Old Trinity, a glance down Wall Street, immediately opposite, through the magnificent public, insurance, and bank buildings on either side of the bustling way, may readily entice us to a brief diversion to the east, and, in a moment, we are on "Money Mall," as it might be called, with no small degree of appropriateness. Moving through the numerous handsome edifices which occupy the greater portion of the block, our attention is first attracted by the building of the United States Treasury and Assay Office, which lifts its lofty and columnar front of white marble at the corner of Nassau and Wall Streets.

It was constructed for, and long used as, the custom-house of the port of New York, now removed to more commodious quarters in the neighboring premises, formerly known as the Merchants' Exchange. The building is a handsome and imposing one, and would be a fine specimen of the Doric order of architecture, had it not been disfigured by unseemly accessories that mar the simplicity of the design. It is two hundred feet long, eighty feet wide, and eighty feet high. The main entrance on Wall Street is made by a flight of eighteen marble steps, while on Pine Street, in the rear, the acclivity of the ground brings the entrance almost on a level with the street. The old Federal Hall used to stand on this same site, and the spot is rendered classic from its being that whereon Washington delivered his inaugural address.

The Treasury Building forms the nucleus of as fine a group of buildings—on Wall, Nassau, and Broad Streets—as can be found in almost any city of the world. Glancing, first down the declivity of Broad Street—aptly named from the suddenness with which it widens as the continuation of Nassau below Wall—we have a view of a series of elegant buildings on either side of the way, for a block and a half. Chief among these is the handsome edifice mainly occupied by the Board of Brokers, on the right-hand side looking down. Then there are specific boards of all kinds of brokers—stock-brokers, gold-brokers, oil-brokers—each occupying elegant offices; for we are now in the atmosphere of speculation, which probably exercises as much influence over the political, financial, and even moral air of the whole country, as do the polar and equatorial winds in our climatic changes. The "Erie Railway War" was started here, the gauntlet thrown down and accepted, and the impulse given to a string of recriminations which have crammed the pockets of lawyers and speculators, depleted others, and chimed through the process of litigation and the columns of the daily press, to the infinite weariness of readers and the public generally. Bulls and bears have, time and time again, tackled each other on this memorable corner with a tenacity hardly equalled by any arena of Seville, or California in the earlier and muscular days. The scene presented by Broad Street, just below Wall, about the middle of a day when the fluctuations in gold, bonds, or stocks, are particularly keen and active, is a remarkable one—crowds of well-dressed men thronging

the sidewalk and street, distressed and joyous, eager and apprehensive, as the advance or depreciation of this or that paper is proclaimed from the callers within—and its comparison, so often made, to that of a great gambling house, is scarcely an exaggeration. On the east side of the street, almost immediately opposite the Stock Exchange, is the famous saloon of Downing, long years the oyster-caterer to the financial stomachs of the vicinity; though now the sable proprietor is himself a mollusk of the mysterious past.

Without altering our position materially, we can look north from Wall Street, through Nassau Street—a wonderfully busy street—a street noisy and full of life, as it is narrow and destitute of facilities for the incessant stream of traffic that rushes through it. Just here is where one sees the pressure on it most. The Nicolson pavement is, with all its faults, an immense improvement on the noisy Belgian and other experiments that have been tried here. It affords peace and quiet to the money-changers in such temples of finance as those of Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Duncan & Sherman, the Bank of Commerce, and others that line each side of the thoroughfare. The vision can hardly roam so far up as Printing House Square—the locality of type, press, and printing-ink for a million or more of readers—with the *Tribune* building on the right, the *Times* building and rear of the *World* establishment on the left, and second-hand book-stores all around; for the Post-office, on the corner of Liberty Street, with the *Evening Post* building to the immediate left, virtually closes the view. Of the former irregular, unsightly, and uncouth structure, moulded from a dilapidated Dutch church to meet the necessities of, at one time, a not very liberal national Government, despite its antique tower and historical associations, it is better not to give any detailed description. A brief investigation will convince the most prejudiced of the need of New York to have a post-office more adequate to the size and dignity of the city.

Continuing our Wall Street diversion, with something more than a passing glance at the imposing front of the New York Bank, at the corner of William Street, we soon find ourselves face to face with the Custom-House. This building, at one time, was known as the Merchants' Exchange. Then it was famous for the great granite plinths of the columns that supported the pediment of the front elevation. They should be as famous still. Massive cylindrical blocks such as these, fluted and otherwise cut from the most unyielding of stones, are a triumph of masonry. This present Custom-House occupies the irregular square between Wall Street, Exchange Place, William Street, and Hanover Street. Scarcely any thing but stone was employed in its construction. Mr. Isaiah Rogers was the architect, to whom the city is indebted for this really splendid piece of architecture. It is splendid because of its insured stability; and yet, great as its dimensions are, it only cost about \$1,800,000. These dimensions are a depth of two hundred feet, a frontage of one hundred and forty-four feet, and a rear breadth of one hundred and seventy-one feet. Its height to the top of the central dome is one hundred and



Bank of New York, corner Wall and William Streets.



Corner Cedar Street and Broadway.

twenty-four feet. Beneath this dome, in the interior of the building, is the Rotunda, around the sides of which are eight lofty columns of Italian marble, the superb Corinthian capitals of which were carved in Italy. They support the base of the dome, and are probably the largest and noblest marble columns in the country. Here in this spacious and lofty apartment are gathered the principal officers of the Custom-House, and a busy crowd of merchants and clerks ceaselessly flows in and out of its ample doors. No building in our city is better worth a visit from strangers.

The fact that the original stockholders in the building, whereof this is the successor, lost every cent they had invested, has never interfered with the satisfaction felt by the present owners of stock in the concern at the profitable use they have made of the later shares they were fortunate enough to own.

Returning to Broadway, we next pass, on the corner of Cedar Street, the new building of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, which, judging from the character of the structure, is evidently intended to last several centuries. It may be said safely, and without invidiousness, that there is no other structure in New York so solid and substantial. The architectural design is not entirely pure, but is useful and effective. Doric is the pattern of the lower stories, composite of those immediately above, and the upper part is finished in the *renaissance* or *Mansard* roof style. What is lacking in correctness is made up in picturesque boldness of scenic outline, and few edifices on Broadway will be apt to attract more attention. The entire building has a frontage of eighty-seven feet on Broadway, is one hundred and eighty-seven feet deep on Cedar Street, and will be one hundred and thirty-seven feet high.

With, most likely, some time expended in considering the numerous new and massive fronts which occur on either side in the interval, we soon cross the site of the unfortunate Loew Bridge, which name was given to the unsightly structure that not long ago spanned Broadway at the intersection of Fulton Street, and which, although considered a nuisance, afforded strangers an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest and busiest thoroughfares in the world, not to be obtained again for some years to come. It was generally shunned by citizens themselves, who would rather brave the perils of the roaring street, in among the wheels and horses' legs, than make its steep and laborious ascent, but the view from above was one well worth taking. Looking down Batteryward, there were to be seen the magnificent rows of elegant buildings stretching on either side of the way from the lower side of Fulton Street to Bowling Green, whose ancient fountain (we may call it so in this country) is just seen peeping up above the decline of the grand artery as it sweeps down to the Battery, with one current to the right, and closing at the old "Washington Headquarters," whose uppermost white story just glimmers above the hill; and the other side of the tide sweeping toward South Ferry, with a hundred stages and a dozen express-wagons navigating the difficult passages of the street.

Turn to the other side of the departed bridge, and the scene is even more diversified and tumultuous. On the left is old St. Paul's, with its graveyard containing tombstones bearing dates as old as those in the grounds of Old Trinity, further down; and on the right the *Herald* Building, and the splendid structure recently erected by the Park Bank.

The incidents connected with the erection of the former building are well known and interesting. The inception of the new *Herald* Building was coincident with the destruction, by fire, of Barnum's famous Museum in

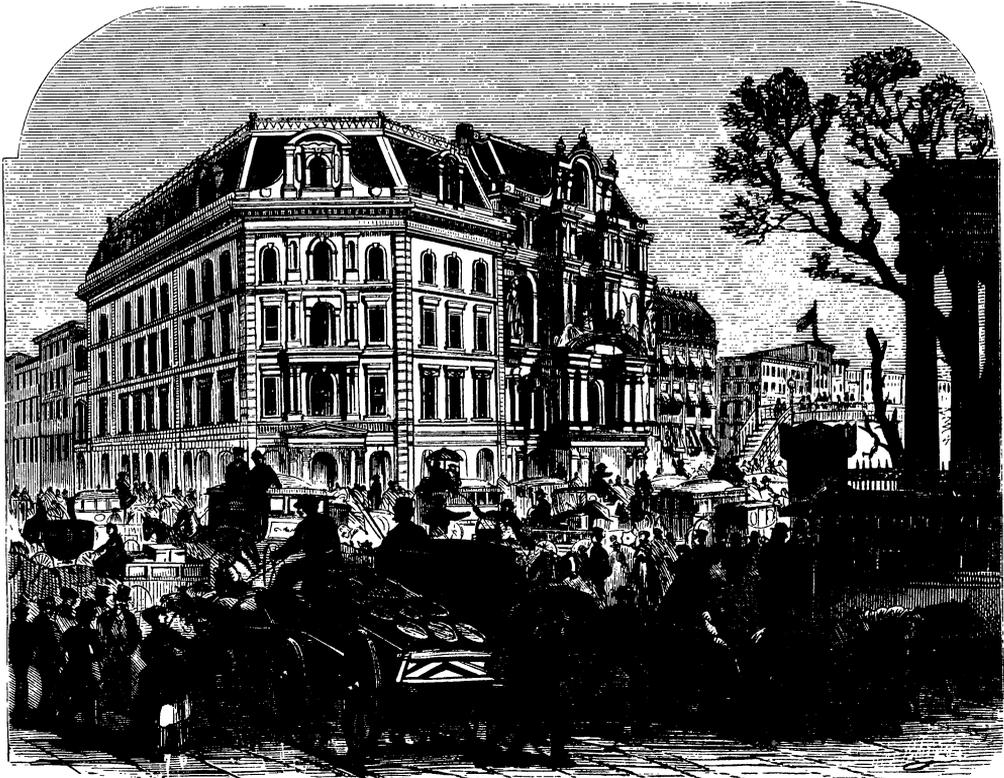
the summer of 1865. It created great excitement at the time. According to the imaginative reports of the daily press—especially the one proceeding from the *Tribune*—the stuffed wild beasts, dried alligators, preserved whales, and other inert specimens of natural history, were made to play a most extraordinary part for the amusement of the readers of the land, and, in some cases, we are sorry to state, for their deception. The result of the fire was the purchase of the ground by Mr. Bennett from Mr. Barnum, in which occurred a singular misunderstanding between the parties, leading to an estrangement which afterward provoked the famous rupture between the proprietor of the *Herald* and the theatrical managers, now happily terminated.

The Park Bank—the next building southward—is one of the most showy, if not the finest in an architectural point of view, in the city of New York. It has been erected at an immense expense, and is one of the most attractive features of Broadway. At all times crowds of people pause by the railing of St. Paul's, to stare up at its elaborate and massive marble front, its colossal figures, and its columns and pediments. It is likely for a long time to rank as an architectural boast of the metropolis.

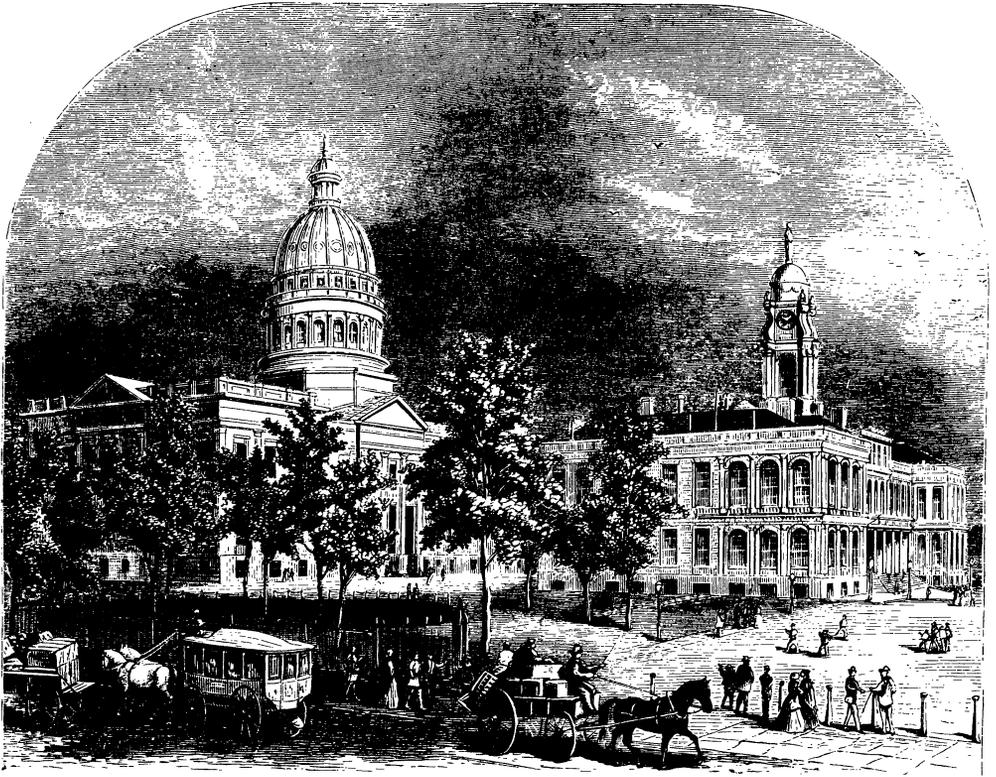
The Astor House on the left, glancing northward, is also of interest. In addition to its being one of the first-class hotels of the city, it has long been the favorite resort of army and navy men. Grant, Hooker, Farragut, Porter, and many of the rest who have recently placed their names high upon the muster-roll of fame, were wont to make this their favorite hotel when visiting the metropolis; and it formerly was the scene of more distinguished "receptions" and entertainments than any other establishment of the kind in New York.

Our artist, in the scene delineated, has chosen probably the most animated portion of Broadway. The new *Herald* and Park Bank buildings as central objects; St. Paul's, in dark relief, to the right; the multitude of vehicles jostling their crowded way up and down the street; the wayfarers eagerly waiting for their opportunity to pass, without peril, through the press—the picture will be readily recognized and appreciated.

Crossing the lower end of Park Row at this point, which, from the fact of its forming the chief termini of the larger number of street-railroads in the city, presents a most animated scene at almost all hours, we skirt the lower end of the Park—very likely, at some day, destined to be the site of our much-needed and long-prayed-for



Broadway at lower end of the Park.



City Hall and New Court-House.

new post-office—we proceed up Broadway, and from, say the corner of Warren Street, obtain an excellent view of the City Hall, with the side and rear of the new Court-House, immediately behind.

The former has so long been the chief public edifice of the city as to require but brief mention in print. Despite the ignominy which may have shadowed its white walls from the deeds enacted by the “rings” within, despite even the brown-stone, broken-nosed caricature of Washington which stares idiotically at the palatial front, the City Hall still remains, architecturally, one of our noblest edifices, with the finest tower-clock in the country, and the image of Justice beaming serene sarcasm from the summit of the cupola.

The Court-House, however, now in a state of incompleteness, immediately behind, and fronting on Chambers Street, deserves a more extended notice. This magnificent and extensive structure has been in the course of erection for the past seven years and a half. And, whatever may be said of the stupendous (perchance unnecessary) cost of erecting the building, the full extent of which cannot yet be fully estimated, there can be no doubt that the materials used, the architectural merits, and the work already accomplished, are of the first quality, and deserving of admiration.

The building is constructed of East Chester and Massachusetts white marble, with iron beams and supports, iron staircases, outside iron doors, solid black-walnut doors (on the inside), and marble tiling on every hall-floor of the building, laid upon iron beams, concreted over, and bricked up. With a basis of concrete, Georgia-pine, over yellow-pine, is used for the flooring of the apartments. The iron supports and beams are of immense strength—some of the girders crossing the rooms weighing over fifty thousand pounds.

The pervading order of architecture is Corinthian, but, although excellent, the building cannot be said to be purely Corinthian. An additional depth of, say thirty feet, would have prevented a cramping of the windows on the sides, which now necessarily exists, and have added power and comprehension to the structure as an entirety; but the general effect is grand and striking in the extreme. The building is two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. From the base-course to the top of the pediment the height is ninety-seven feet, and to the top of the dome, not yet erected, two hundred and twenty-five feet. From the sidewalk to the top of the pediment measures eighty-two feet; to the top of the dome two hundred and ten feet. When

completed, the building will be surmounted by a large dome, giving a general resemblance to the main portion of the Capitol at Washington. The dome, viewed from the rear, as given in our illustration, appears something heavy and cumbersome for the general character of the structure which it crowns; but a front view, from Chambers Street, when the eye, in its upward sweep, takes in the broad flight of steps, the grand columns, and the general robustness of the main entrance, dissipates this idea, and attaches grace and integrity to the whole.

One of the most novel features of the dome will be the arrangement of the tower, crowning its apex, into a light-house, which, from its extreme power and height, it is supposed, will furnish guidance to vessels as far out at sea as that afforded by any beacon on the neighboring coast. This is the suggestion of the architect, Mr. Kelum, but, whether or not it will be carried out in the execution of the design, Mr. Tucker, the superintendent of the work, is unable to say.

The interior of the edifice is equally elaborate and complete, and several of the apartments are now occupied by the County Clerk, the Supreme Court, and as other offices. The portico and stoop, now being completed, on Chambers Street, will, it is said, be the finest piece of work of the kind in America.

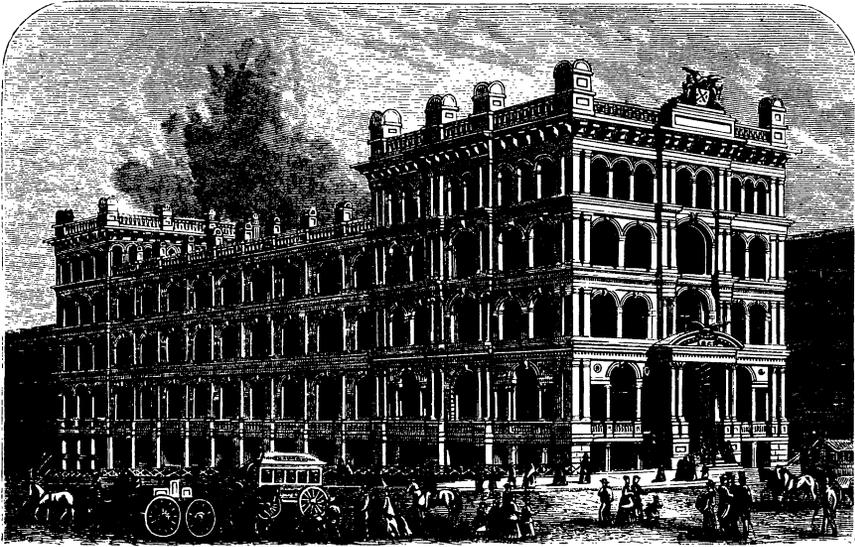
It would be useless to attempt, in the present limited space, any thing like mention in detail of the grand and imposing fronts which occur almost uninterruptedly on either side of the brilliant Broadway, but, as we proceed northward from Chambers Street, we are attracted by the New York Hospital—an interesting landmark, shortly to be demolished and superseded by new buildings—yet forming a prominent feature between Duane and Worth Streets, mainly on account of the broad, green avenue, planted with a double row of trees, by which it is approached from the street.

The main building is of rough gray stone, one hundred and twenty-four feet long, including its two wings, and fifty feet deep. It was founded, in 1771, by the Earl of Dunmore, who was at that time governor of the colony, and numerous additions have since been made to it. Its accommodations are not altogether gratuitous; but the payment of four dollars per week secures the best nursing and medical attendance. It possesses a theatre for surgical operations, a marine department, a separate department for the treatment of contagious diseases, and the different wards and apartments are fitted up in excellent style for the accommodation of patients. The average number of patients admitted annually is about three thousand two hundred.

Situated as it is in the most bustling portion of the city, this hospital receives more casual patients than any other. Women and children run over in the press of the street, laborers injured while employed in the new



New York Hospital.



New York Life Insurance Company's Building, corner Broadway and Leonard Street.

buildings going up in the vicinity, warehouse porters bruised or sprained while handling packages and casks, and others, invariably obtain an asylum here, and receive the best medical and surgical attendance.

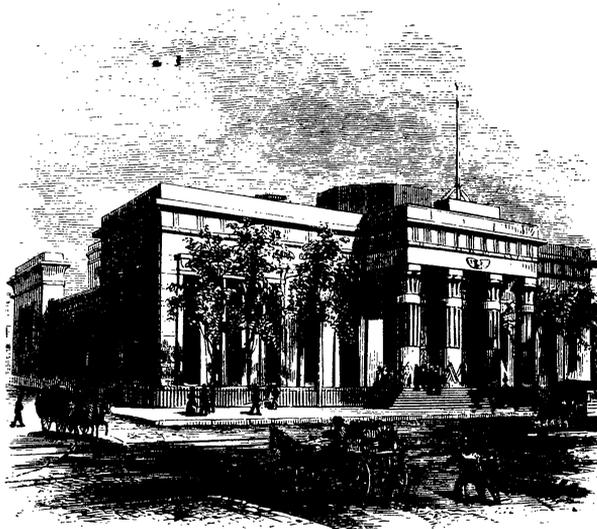
It is rather provoking to think that this fresh, green gap in the windowed walls of Broadway must soon be closed up forever, but it is useless to resist the "march of improvement," as the stern demands of the money-maker are wont to be termed, and this important benevolent institution must be removed to the upper portion of the city.

The finest edifice we next encounter is that of the New York Life Insurance Company. This splendid building, now in the course of erection on Broadway, between Leonard Street and Catherine Lane, is perhaps one of the most magnificent structures ever reared by private enterprise in this country. The property belonged to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and, while it was still in flames, an officer of the New York Life Insurance Company secured a refusal of the site for the erection of the present noble edifice.

In the competition instituted among a number of prominent architects, the plan of Mr. Griffith Thomas was selected as the best, and the new work was immediately entered upon. An additional lot in the rear was purchased, thus making the whole property about sixty by one hundred and ninety-six feet. The exterior of the building will be very imposing. It will be of pure white marble, in the Ionic order of architecture; the design having been suggested by the Temple of the Erectheus at Athens. The chief entrance will be highly ornamented, and the entire cost will be about one million dollars.

A brief digression down Leonard Street, eastward from this point, will enable us to have a view of the Tombs. It has not been recorded who first gave the "Halls of Justice" its original title, the expressive name which it bears to-day; but infractors of the laws, who are sent to stay there are, undoubtedly, for the term of their confinement, virtually buried. They are dead to the world, so long as they remain there; and is there not, cast over them all, the shadow of that hideous emblem of the grim destroyer—the gallows? Those who have never visited the various departments of the Tombs, can have but a faint idea of the depravity of human nature, or the wonderful process of "case-hardening" through which a statistical average of the community seem inevitably to go. Of course, there are always prisoners within its fastnesses who command a share of sympathy; some of whom are really innocent, and have no business there at all, and others under sentence for a first offence—but the majority are more wicked than the reputable orders of society can well imagine, and really seldom meet with one tithe of the punishment they deserve. Every one who has seen the Tombs knows what a parody upon a Memphian or Theban temple it appears. The waste of space in its construction is a marvel of misdirected architectural skill; yet there is a certain individuality about its heavy, squat, and general solid character that commands attention; while the elevation on Centre Street, with its overwhelming portico and pediment, and depressing area of dismal quadrangle, is a masterpiece of what genius may accomplish in the way of gratuitous gloom. Crime comes to preliminary judgment here in a room on the right-hand side as you enter. This is the Tombs Police Court, where, as early as six or seven o'clock each morning, a district justice takes his seat upon

the bench to hear what charges may be brought before him, and decide what shall be done with the prisoners. In minor cases, such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, this magistrate can order summary fine, commitment, or discharge, at his discretion. Commitments are made to the jurisdiction of several higher courts, but the only one of these in the Tombs building is the Court of Special Sessions. Two justices are supposed to sit together there, and they have to deal with such matters as petty larceny, assault and battery, and certain forms of common misdemeanor. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, they strive to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well. As a general thing, experience has rendered them amazingly successful in this endeavor. They have known the dangerous classes so long and intimately, as to enable them, except when influenced by political interest, to be eminently discerning and impartial. A great many culprits go from this court to the cells in the interior of the Tombs. More, however, come there from the Court of General Sessions and the criminal side of the higher courts. The interior arrangements of the jail proper do not materially differ from those usually found in institutions of the kind, though many improvements might be made in the accommodations, especially in the matter of ventilation. The lack of room necessitates the crowding of prisoners together, a practice which does not work favorably on the morals of the less vicious. There are eleven cells of special strength and security, in which are convicts sentenced to death, or a life worse than death in the State Prison; six others, wherein are locked up those guilty of less heinous crimes; and six more, used for hospital purposes. There are sixty more cells on the two upper tiers, for those convicted of various degrees of felony. These are on the male side. On the female side are twenty-two cells, and one-half of these are used as temporary receptacles of such cases as go no farther than the Police Court or Special Sessions. Each prisoner costs the county an average of about thirty cents a day for his board. The inner quadrangle, formed by the series of cellular structures, is where the last penalty of the law is put in execution. Except at the moment when that penalty is enforced, there is nothing impressive or remarkable in its appearance. Still, any one acquainted with the associations belonging to its sombre monotony of gray stone walls and narrow gratings, feels a vague, disagreeable sense of awe as he hears his own footsteps echo in hollow reverberation from its corners.



The Tombs.

Returning to Broadway and our upward march, we cross Canal Street. It is a broad, spacious thoroughfare now, though once the course of a miserable gully with running water, which was bridged at this point. Notwithstanding the improvements which have almost utterly effaced the appearance of the past, a few old buildings remain—Mealio's hat-store, on the southeast corner of Canal and Broadway, and two or three others, above and below—to remind us of the time when we crossed the gully on the long-departed bridge.

Lord & Taylor's palatial establishment of white marble and splendid entrance, on the corner of Grand Street, next attracts the view with the stream of beauty and fashion flowing through its portals; and then, after pausing most likely before the windows of the Haughwout establishment, on the northeast corner of Broome Street, we are in front of the lordly St. Nicholas Hotel, whence our artist has taken one of the most striking and fashionable views that can be obtained on Broadway, looking north.

The vista is a long, and, in its way, a strikingly picturesque one. Taking the splendid façade of the St. Nicholas Hotel itself as a starting-point, the eye gathers in on either side a range of business palaces that are not equalled for display in any other city of the world. The tall and graceful spire of Grace Church closes the view, for, at that point, Broadway makes the bend due north which leads it to the Harlem drives. Marble and brown-stone variegates the tints that meet the eye with charming contrast, and the gradations of color thus given, lighted by clear sunlight, become an actual presentment of effects for which the imagination of the artist might dream in vain. The actuality of incessant bustle, and even some idea of the accompanying buzz and roar, are conveyed in the picture of the scene herewith presented. The tide of stage and hack traffic; the episodal gleams

of brilliant private equipages; the gay throngs of promenaders—all appear as if fresh from a sketch of one who could be both close and comprehensive in an effort at conscientious observation. A walk on Broadway has always been a perennial pleasure to the men and women of New York, and a great delight to strangers. It is related that Charles Dickens, when he first visited this country, would spend hours at his window at the hotel, watching the ever-changing tide of equipages and pedestrians. Thackeray, when here, also keenly appreciated the stir and bustle of this brilliant promenade, and was never tired of walking its pavements, and watching, with his keen, searching eye the ceaseless procession of human faces. He always pronounced it the finest street in the world. "Let us walk down Fleet Street, sir," old Dr. Johnson was wont to say, when seeking relaxation from his literary labors, or an escape from his melancholy. How the old city-loving doctor, with his fondness for busy highways, and his hatred of the solitudes of the country, would have delighted in such a street as Broadway! To a man of his temperament, it would afford an endless means of pleasure.

There are other streets in New York that have as fine buildings, and in general symmetry of effect are even handsomer. There are also as handsome shops in other cities. For short distances, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Washington Street, Boston, and Lake Street, Chicago, almost rival Broadway in animation and gayety. But the



Broadway, looking North from the St. Nicholas.

handsome architecture of Broadway, and its bustle and life, extend for over three miles, and this is its superiority. There is continual change, and yet unbroken continuity of effect. After crossing Canal Street, one comes among the retailers, with their gay shop-windows, and the big hotels, the theatres, and an infinite variety of indescribabilities; and now there is more elegance on the sidewalks. Well-dressed idlers begin to abound. Ladies are more frequent, and their handsome toilets give relief to the tide of dark-coated men. As you ascend, the shops get handsomer; and, by the time you reach Tenth Street, you find an utter change in all the aspects of the street. This point is the ladies' shopping-ground. Carriages are in possession of the roadway, and throngs of women in elegant costumes flock in and out of the shops. The scene is one of the brightest and gayest conceivable.

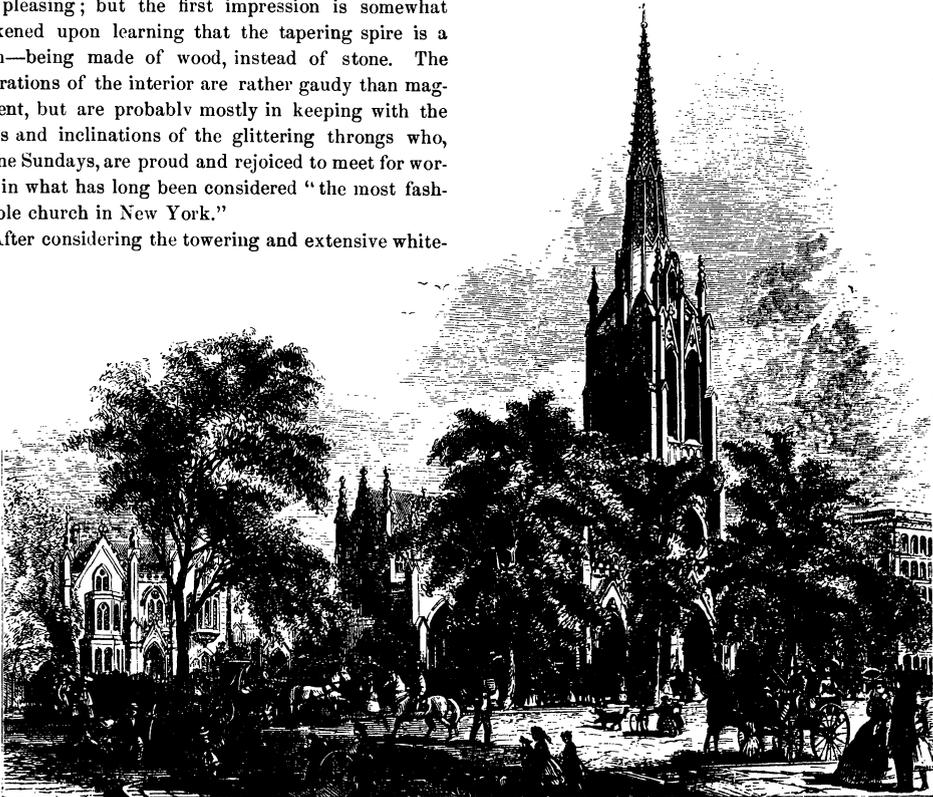
Among the other prominent business houses well worthy of notice, as we proceed up Broadway, may be mentioned Tiffany's handsome jewelry establishment, on the east side, between Spring and Prince Streets, and that of Messrs. Ball & Black, on the southwest corner of Broadway and Prince Street. The former is still patronized by a large portion of the representatives of metropolitan wealth, beauty, and fashion, and is distinguished by the large clock—an excellent time-keeper—set in the wall immediately over the entrance, for the benefit of the public.

The building of Ball & Black is of white marble, and, with its fine porticoed entrance and judicious yet simple decoration, is one of the most chaste and beautiful business buildings in New York. The arrangements within, including the cases, counters, and rich cabinets, are also unexceptionable in taste and refinement.

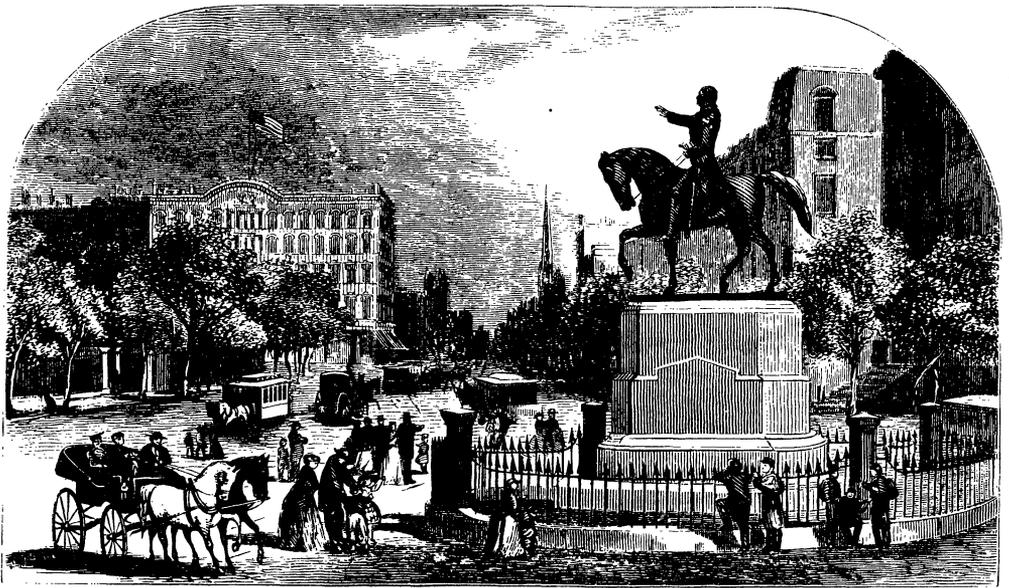
Stewart's new building on the corner of Tenth Street—the largest store in the world, and, in point of magnitude, the most imposing on Broadway—cannot but rivet the gaze, as we reach that point of the general thoroughfare; though an idea of the actual immensity of this palace of trade can best be obtained by stepping aside and viewing it from the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street. Grand and extensive as is the outside, a thorough and satisfactory investigation of the interior would occupy a number of days.

Grace Church, which most gracefully lifts its decorated whiteness and slender spire above the gayety and worldliness of Broadway, a block farther up, is the next point of interest, and marks the spot where Broadway makes its sharp curve to the left. The architecture, together with that of the adjoining rectory, is light and pleasing; but the first impression is somewhat weakened upon learning that the tapering spire is a sham—being made of wood, instead of stone. The decorations of the interior are rather gaudy than magnificent, but are probably mostly in keeping with the tastes and inclinations of the glittering throngs who, on fine Sundays, are proud and rejoiced to meet for worship in what has long been considered "the most fashionable church in New York."

After considering the towering and extensive white-



Grace Church, corner of Tenth Street and Broadway.



Union Square.

marble building just purchased by the Methodist Book Concern, on the corner of Twelfth Street, with a glance, perchance, at the homely terra-cotta-looking Wallack's Theatre, one block farther up, we approach the cheerful and spacious opening of Union Square.

This handsome oval of greenery, extending from Fourteenth to Seventeenth Street, may be considered as the branching off from Broadway to the residences and resorts of the *élite* of the metropolis.

The square itself, with a fine fountain in the centre, and provided with excellent shrubbery and trees, is in itself a most airy and interesting spot. Its walks are daily thronged by street-passengers desiring to make a short cut to the continuation of Broadway at Seventeenth Street, and, in the early mornings and evenings, by ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood, and nurse-girls, with their charges in hand. Among the novelties to which the attention of the stranger in the metropolis may be directed, should be mentioned the sparrow-kingdom which has been founded and established in the square. A small colony of these useful, worm-destroying birds came here from London only three years ago; and now the squares and parks of New York are their dominions, with Union Square as their headquarters, or the capital city of the domain. Here, with all the elaboration of Oriental art in miniature, is to be seen the "Sparrows' Chinese Pagoda" (it is a good thing, however, that sparrows have no architectural taste beyond nest-building), and, contiguous, are the "Sparrows' Doctor-shop," the "Sparrows' Station-house," the "Sparrows' Restaurant," etc., with any number of the beautiful little birds themselves skipping and flitting about, generally in the utmost harmony, and singularly tame, though now and then a battle takes place between a couple of feathered organizations on the grass, attracting throngs of spectators.

At the south end of the square, just to the right of Broadway, is Brown's colossal statue of Washington. It is a bronze equestrian figure, placed upon a plain granite pedestal. The figure is fourteen and a half feet, and the entire monument, including the pedestal, twenty-nine feet, high. Despite the carping of critics, the statue is generally and deservedly admired. The horse is made subservient to the rider—a rare achievement in the design of an equestrian statue—the majestic presence of Washington being the first object to catch and rivet the gaze, while the true proportions and fine attitude of the steed complete the inspiring effect.

Looking along Fourteenth Street, eastward from the Statue, we have a view of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' building—a chaste and elegant edifice of pure white marble, including the piano-forte warerooms of the firm, and the grand music-hall, which was constructed upon a careful study of the science of acoustics, and is now pronounced one of the finest halls in this respect in the country.

On the same side of the street, and just east of Lexington Avenue, is the Academy of Music. Externally, it differs little from the institution as it looked previous to the conflagration which destroyed the interior three or four years ago. The Grand Opera-House and the French Theatre, with their novel attractions of the *Opera*

Bouffe, have detracted something from the prestige of the Academy—once so supreme—but it still appears the natural field for the Italian Opera, and the genius of our noblest singers still, occasionally, reëchoes amid the walls they must ever hallow.

The handsome white, marble-faced building beyond the Academy is Tammany Hall. It is a noble building architecturally, was the centre of a wild and stirring scene during the session of the Democratic Convention which was held within its walls last summer, and is now occupied by Bryant's Negro Minstrels, and as a sort of theatrical hodge-podge of pantomime, ballet, gymnastics, and Turkish restaurant. We believe that this is not the first political temple of the metropolis which has suffered a transformation of the kind, and in nearly every case the change has been for the better, in a pecuniary sense.

Almost immediately opposite the Academy, is the Chapel of Grace Church—a rather dingy-looking edifice for a new building; and immediately adjoining it is the iron tent of the Hippodrome, whose circular interior is, at intervals, the scene of the bare-back triumphs of Stickney, Robinson, and Eaton Stone, with other dashing equestrian feats, as this or that circus company effect the lease of the building.

Without materially changing our position, and looking westward from the Statue, the eye roams eagerly along Fourteenth Street, scarcely second to Fifth Avenue itself in point of aristocratic elegance, with power to distinguish individual buildings almost as far as the Theatre Francais, on the north side of the street, west of Sixth Avenue.

Surrounding Union Square, is a circle of elegant and select hotels, restaurants, stores, and mansions. The famous *Maison Dorée* stood, but a short time ago, facing the lower end; Delmonico's upper establishment, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, is within a stone's throw; and the Everett House and the Clarendon are both in view from the northern extremity. Facing the western side of the square, a new building is erecting for Messrs. Tiffany & Co., occupying the site originally covered by Dr. Cheever's Church of the Puritans. The building promises to be one of the finest in the city.

Union Square may be considered as the virtual termination of Broadway proper, which nevertheless preserves its arterial character, through rows of imposing buildings, to the intersection of Fifth Avenue, at Madison Square, and even as far as Thirty-fourth Street. And there are enough new and elegant structures on either side of the way to tempt the pedestrian to continue his stroll. Prominent among these may be mentioned the colossal white-marble business structure on the left-hand side—second only to Stewart's in the space of ground covered—a portion of which has recently been occupied by Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co.; a grand new hotel, also of white marble, on the right-hand side of Broadway, just below Thirty-second Street, and a number of others. And before quitting the vicinity of Union Square, where we are tempted to linger for hours, it will repay the trouble to make a brief digression along Sixteenth Street, to the east, in order to obtain a view of St. George's Church.

This noble and elegant edifice, situated on the corner of East Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place, is capable of holding a larger congregation than any other ecclesiastical structure in the city of New York. It is built of



St. George's Church, corner of Sixteenth Street and Stuyvesant Place.



Washington Square.

solid brown-stone, is of the purest Romanesque, or Byzantine, order of architecture, and, with its two lofty towers looking to the east, and immense depth and height of wall, is certainly entitled to the first rank among the religious edifices of America.

It was erected in 1849, and its original cost, including the adjoining chapel and rectory, was \$280,000. The interior was completely destroyed by fire on the 14th of November, 1865. The scene at that time was one of the grandest and most terrific ever presented by a conflagration in this city. The fire and smoke burst in vast rolling volumes through the roof, and poured from every window, as if threatening destruction to every building in the vicinity. Long tongues of dazzling flame darted from the open towers to their very summit, and seemed to lick the sky; and for a while the entire structure was wretched by the devouring element, with sparks and blazing fragments hurled heavenward at every moment, as beam after beam of the lofty roof fell crashing down into the roaring abyss. But the noble walls and towers stood the ordeal without betraying so much as a crack or seam.

The refitting of the interior was immediately entered upon, and it now—unsupported by any visible columns either to gallery or roof—presents an appearance of refined, yet sumptuous, magnificence to which its original grandeur is not to be compared. Its length from the rear of the chancel-recess to the outer walls of the towers is 150 feet, and its width, from inner wall to wall, 75 feet. The height from the ground to the peak of the roof is 100 feet—to the top of the towers about 245 feet.

Looking upward from the marble pavement of the broad and echoing aisles, the deep, strong ceiling, though of the simple, open order, is one of the most striking and effective features of the interior. There are five tall windows on either side of the main body, above the galleries, with corresponding double-windows beneath. The staining of the upper or loftier sections is a marvel of beauty and art, as are also the rose windows over the chancel. The organ is a very old one, and will be changed for one of more modern pattern at an early day.

The adjoining rectory—the abode of the venerated Rector of St. George's, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng—and the chapel on Sixteenth Street are architecturally and otherwise in keeping with the noble edifice of which they are a part; and the foliage, fountains, and freshness of Stuyvesant Square, immediately facing the church, lend an additional charm.

FIFTH AVENUE.

A brief walk from Broadway, along Waverley Place, will bring us to the commencement of Fifth Avenue, and among the leafy shadows of Washington Square—in most respects, the finest and most agreeable in the metropolis. Situated a little west of Broadway, between Fourth Street and Waverley Place, it is almost entirely surrounded by rows of elegant residences, with the New York University and Dr. Hutton's Church—both fine structures of the Gothic order—facing it on the eastern side. The Square was formerly the site of a Potter's Field—a fact which

would by no means be suggested by its present beauty and elegance. It occupies about nine acres. The trees are of older growth and thicker foliage than those of any other square in the city, and a greater variety of song-birds haunt the green boughs, or flutter down the broad and shaded walks upon a pleasant day in the spring or summer. The lint-white, robin, and golden-crested oriole, mingle with sparrows of tamer hue, but equally pleasant voice, and hundreds of them may be seen, early in the morning, balancing themselves on chips in the basin of the fountain, and pledging bright beakers to the rising sun.

The fountain itself is a simple but graceful one, surrounded by benches which, in the proper season, are generally occupied all day long. The walks are favorite resorts of nurse-girls, for the delectation of the children under their charge, and they are also frequent sauntering-places for the guests of the large hotels in neighboring Broadway.

Fifth Avenue commences at about the centre of the northern side of this Square, whence a fine view is afforded, through the rows, of elegant and expensive residences of New York aristocracy and fashion.

The fine rows of dwellings facing the Square from the upper side of Waverley Place are also among the finest and most convenient in the city.

Still the handsomest street in New York, though of late years losing its tone to some extent, Fifth Avenue must be cherished by native denizens, and presented to strangers as the best thing our opulence and taste have yet been able to achieve in the line of continuously impressive architectural display. On many other streets—not mentioning Broadway—there are more elegant buildings and even more imposing private residences; but the *ensemble* of Fifth Avenue is still unrivalled. Commencing at Washington Square, its luxury and splendor have extended nearly to Central Park, until what was thought a one-mile marvel of experiment, in 1854, has become a miracle of accomplishment in half a generation later. While exclusive circles have chosen more retired locations wherein to erect palatial places of abode, Fifth Avenue has consistently represented the rage for lavish expenditure which characterizes the newly-rich, while with this class still remains mingled a considerable leaven of those who give the uppermost stratum of "society" its laws. To describe in detail the many splendid mansions that line either side of it, would be to destroy the general effect and pleasure of a first impression with those who have never travelled through its long extent of scarcely-interrupted magnificence. It has become a type of the promiscuous shades of social quality which somehow inevitably come together—often in a manner most incongruous—in a great city like the metropolis. It has been invaded between Twelfth and Twenty-third Streets by



Fifth Avenue, at corner of Twenty-first Street.



Fifth Avenue on a Sunday Morning.

the aggressive influences of trade. First-class stores have been constructed out of brown-stone palaces, and dry goods, millinery, tailoring, restaurants, and music-stores are beginning to intrude upon the precincts once sacred to aristocracy and exclusiveness. There have been incursions, too, from less reputable hordes of outside barbarians. Where merchants of high standing with their families once lived, the "tiger" that men nightly fight with ivory chips has made his lair. Faro flourishes and keno reigns supreme where fireside felicity once shed a homely lustre. And even worse than this; but that is bad enough for mention here. On one plebeian corner of the avenue, for a long time there persistently existed a painter's shop, which seemed to scorn all temptations looking to removal. Counterbalancing, however, what is evil of these intrusions, are a number of the most attractive sacred edifices in the city. Mostly built of brown-stone, in cosy, half Gothic or Elizabethan style, with shaven lawns around and bowered by the most luxurious of foliage, these places of worship are really charming in appearance. But the special beauty of Fifth Avenue is its spacious sidewalks in the fashionable season, especially on a Sunday morning that's bright and sunny. The time will be immediately subsequent to morning service.

The scene may be scarcely appropriate, following so soon upon the religious exercises that have preceded it, but it is very fascinating in its freaks of worldly frivolity. What of loveliness and brilliancy in female face and form and frippery of dress that passes for two hours in a kaleidoscopic panorama, could not help but dazzle the most stoical of spectators. Nothing to compare with it can be seen elsewhere, at any time, in any part of the world. There is another phase of life on the upper end of the avenue, which has an equal fascination for a large class of people. This is the display of splendid equipages which congregate there on the road to Central Park. All that luxury and wealth, directed by good judgment, can procure in the way of first-class horse-flesh, and a superb variety of carriages, throng briskly or sedately onward, as the fancy dictates, and form a different panorama as matchless in its way as that upon the sidewalks lower down.

Fifth Avenue, beginning at Washington Park on Waverley Place, terminates somewhere in the wilderness at the upper end of the island. From Waverley Place to Fifty-ninth Street is a stretch of two miles and a half, the entire length of which, with the exception of a few squares, just below the Park, is one uninterrupted succession of costly and imposing mansions. All the streets that cross it are known by numerals. The squares each side of the avenue, for its entire length, partake of the exclusive character of the Avenue itself, affording a space over two miles long and about a third of a mile wide, in which elegance and wealth reign almost supreme. There are many noble residences elsewhere in the city, but we nowhere find so extensive and unbroken a phalanx of brown-stone supremacy.

The Brevoort House—still retaining its character as an aristocratic family hotel—is one of the first to attract the lounge's attention; and then, moving through the rows of elegant residences, and crossing Fourteenth Street—the great rival of the Avenue itself—with half a dozen fine churches on the way, we may well pause a moment to consider the splendid and luxurious structure of the Union Club, on the corner of Twenty-first Street. It is built of brown stone, in superb style, and cost about \$300,000.

Next comes the fine, breezy opening of Madison Square, the nucleus of American hotel architecture, and quite as central and representative of metropolitan wealth and fashion as Union Square. The Square itself occupies ten acres of turf and foliage, and is surrounded by the magnificent dwellings and business buildings of Madison Avenue, Twenty-third Street, Broadway, and Fifth Avenue.

One of the most notable features of the Square, standing at the intersection of Broadway with Fifth Avenue, almost directly opposite the Hoffman House, erected to the memory of General Worth, by the corporation of the city of New York, in 1857—eight years after the death of the aged and gallant hero in Texas—is the Worth Monument. The monument is four-sided, chaste and beautiful, each side of the base and shaft bearing inscriptions pertaining to the memory of the deceased and the names of the different engagements in which he distinguished himself, with handsome bronze reliefs between the inscriptions on the base and those above.

The front, or southward-looking side, presents a handsome equestrian image of General Worth in high relief, with armorial insignia of the same material above, and the name and military title of the deceased in raised stone letters on the base below; while, lettered in the shaft above, one below the other, are the celebrated battle-names of "Monterey," "Vera Cruz," "San Antonio," "City of Mexico."

The west side (facing the Hoffman House) states, on the base, the time and occasion of the monument's erection by the corporation, with a laurel-wreath in bronze,



Worth Monument. Madison Square.



Young Men's Christian Association Building, and Academy of Design, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

and, lettered on the shaft, "Contreras," "Churubusco," "West Point," "Molino del Rey." The east, or Madison Square side, presents a similar wreath, the inscription "Ducit Amor Patriæ," and "Perote," "Puebla," "Cerro Gordo," "Chapultepec." The base of the rear records the place and time of the birth (Hudson, N. Y., 1794) and death (Texas, 1849) of the illustrious General; with bronze shields and upraised arm, mailed and weaponed, in demi-relief, and the names of "Florida," "Chippewa," "Fort George," and "Lundy's Lane," upon the shaft.

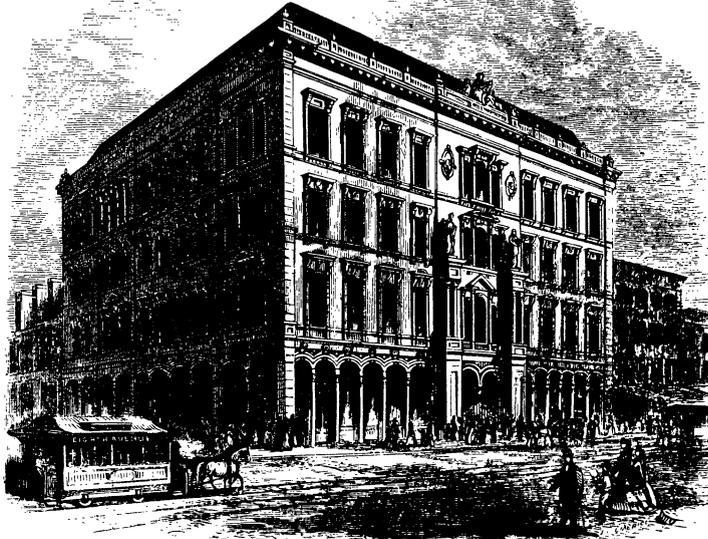
The site of the monument—which is enclosed in a plain iron railing, and surrounded by green turf—is most happily chosen, and, in addition to being a *worthy* tribute to a beloved and gallant soldier of the Empire State, is a notable ornament of the brilliant and fashionable locality.

As you enter Madison Square from Fifth Avenue, a digression along Twenty-third Street, either to the right or left, will command fresh and interesting architectural beauties. Among these may be mentioned the National Academy of Design, standing on the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. It has a front of eighty feet on Twenty-third Street, and of ninety-eight feet and nine inches on Fourth Avenue. The main entrance is on the former front, level with the second story, and reached by a double flight of steps. This second and principal story is thus divided. A wide hall extends from the entrance nearly the whole length of the building. In this are the stairs leading to the third story. To the right hand, on entering, is a range of four large rooms, which occupy all of the Fourth Avenue side. These rooms are lighted by the eight windows shown in the engraving—forming an arcade which extends from the entire depth of the longer façade—and by the three windows of similar design on Twenty-third Street. The grand staircase leading to the upper galleries is a feature of the building. They are wide, massive, and imposing in effect. Exhibition galleries occupy the whole of the third story, which is lighted from the roof. The interior of the building has been handsomely fitted up at great expense. Most of the woodwork is of oak, walnut, ash, and other hard woods, oiled and polished, so as to show the natural color and grain. The rooms of the second floor, except the lecture-room, are finished like the parlors of a first-class house. Each of the four large rooms on Fourth Avenue has an open fireplace, with a hearth of ornamental encaustic tiles, and rich mantel-piece of oak. The windows are fitted with plate-glass sliding sashes, and the rooms communicate through a series of plate-glass sliding doors. The vestibule at the main entrance has an ornamental pavement of variegated marbles, and the floor of the great hall is walnut and maple in patterns. The design of the exterior was copied from a famous palace in Venice, and, being the only instance of this style of architecture in the city, or we believe in the country, it possesses a peculiar interest. It is one of the most brilliantly decorated edifices in the country. The double flight of steps leading to the main entrance—rendered necessary by the circumscribed limits of the lot on which the building stands—has been skilfully made an ornament rather than defect. It is beautifully carved, and underneath it is an elegant drinking fountain, radiant in color and other exquisite embellishment. The walls of the lower story are of gray marble, marked with intervening lines of North River blue-stone, and the entire elevation is thus variegated in blue and gray and white. At present the spandrels of the windows and arches show the brick-work of the interior wall. These are soon to be filled in with marble and mosaic medallions. Mr. P. B. Wight is the architect of the building, which was erected at a cost of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.



Booth's Theatre, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.

Directly opposite the Academy of Design, on the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is now in process of erection the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which must prove highly ornamental to this part of the city, already so rich in structural beauty and elegance. When completed, it will



The Grand Opera-House, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.

be one of the finest specimens of the *Renaissance* order of architecture in the city. The roof will be of the steep *Mansard* pattern, presenting towers of equal height at each corner of the building, and a larger tower (windowed) over the entrance (on Twenty-third Street), which is simple and elegant.

The dimensions of the building are one hundred and seventy-five feet on Twenty-third Street, eighty-three feet on Fourth Avenue, and ninety-seven feet at the rear. The material is New Jersey brown-stone, and the yellowish marble from Ohio, in almost equal parts, though, on account of the latter composing the trimming material, the brown-stone gives the building the controlling air. The building will contain twenty-five apartments in all, including gymnasium, library, lecture-rooms, offices, etc., and will cost about \$300,000.

A branching off along the same street, to the west of the Avenue, will bring us *vis-à-vis* to Booth's New Theatre, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and, in the opinion of many, the finest design yet offered by the architects, Messrs. Renwick and Sands.

The building is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and stands seventy feet high from the sidewalk to the main cornice, crowning which is a Mansard roof of twenty-four feet. The theatre proper fronts one hundred and forty-nine feet on Twenty-third Street, and is divided into three parts, so combined as to form an almost perfect whole, with arched entrances at either extremity on the side, for the admission of the public, and on the other for another entrance, and the use of actors and those employed in the house. There are three doors on the frontage, devised for securing the most rapid egress of a crowded audience, in case of fire, and, in connection with other facilities, said to permit the building to be vacated in five minutes. On either side of these main entrances, are broad and lofty windows; and above them, forming a part of the second story, are niches for statues, surrounded by coupled columns resting on finely-sculptured pedestals.

The central or main niche is flanked on either side by quaintly-contrived blank windows; and between the columns, at the depths of the recesses, are simple pilasters, sustaining the elliptic arches, which will serve to span and top the niches, the latter to be occupied by statues of the great creators and interpreters of the drama in every age and country.

The finest Concord granite, from the best quarries in New Hampshire, is the material used in the entire façade, as well as in the Sixth Avenue side. The interior—probably the most complete and elegant in the world—is equally deserving of notice. It is subdivided, architecturally speaking, into four heights. The first and lowermost embraces the parquette, circle, and orchestra seats, for the accommodation of eight hundred persons. The second tier is thrown into the dress-circle; the third constitutes the family circle; and the fourth embraces the gallery, or amphitheatre. There is something of the French model suggested by the general effect of the interior, but there are many graceful and pleasing originalities.

The stage is fifty-five feet in breadth, seventy-five feet in depth, fifty in total height, and is set in a beautiful ornamental framework, so as to give the effect of a gorgeously framed picture to the *mise en scène*. The boxes are tastefully arranged on either side of the stage; and all of the interior divisions and subdivisions unite in their construction the latest and most improved appliances for celerity and ease in the manifold operations of the entire company. Taken from a point embracing the Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street façades, the glittering granite mass, exquisitely poised, adorned with rich and appropriate carving, statuary columns, pilasters and arches, and capped by the springing French roof, fringed with its shapely balustrades, offers an imposing and majestic aspect, and forms one of the architectural jewels of the city.

We are now a block from Fifth Avenue—the thoroughfare to which we are mainly devoting our attention—but time is still permitted us, before returning, to visit Pike's New Opera-House, the imposing and elegant structure occupying the block on Eighth Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, and estimated to have cost nearly half a million of dollars. It fronts one hundred and thirteen feet on the Avenue, and ninety-eight feet on Twenty-third Street, and is eighty feet high, from the base to the cornice. It has a basement and four floors—the former being occupied by a warming apparatus, and as a general store-room for the theatre.

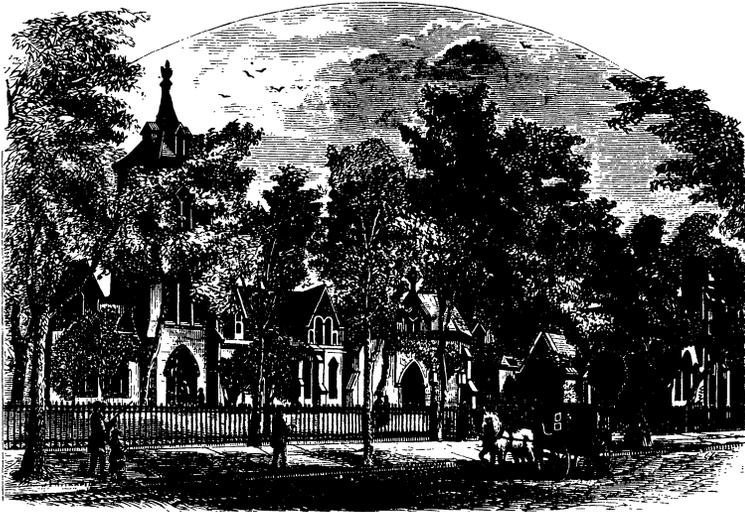
The main entrance to the theatre is twenty-one feet wide, and leads up a passage, eighty feet long, into a vestibule forty-five by seventy-two feet. Thence the visitor passes up the main staircase, twelve feet wide, which conducts him directly into the dress-circle.

The upper stories, which are divided into the family-circle and the amphitheatre, have their entrance on Twenty-third Street. The parquette and orchestra are arranged in the usual manner—the former occupying the elevation of the inclined plane.

The stage is seventy-two by seventy-six feet, which, including the proscenium, makes a total depth of eighty-four feet. It is capitally adapted for setting elaborate scenes and spectacles; the ground beneath being excavated to the depth of twenty-five feet. The scenery is so arranged as to descend through the stage and slide at the sides, in the usual way.

The exterior of the building is a good specimen of the Italian order of architecture. At the top, over the main entrance, is a statuesque group representing Apollo and Erato. Below this are medallions of Shakespeare and Mozart; and on either side of the window below are large figures representing Comedy and Tragedy. Embazoned coats-of-arms brighten the main entrance on either side.

One of the most praiseworthy features of this noble theatre is the ease with which the audience may make



Church of the Transfiguration, Twenty-ninth Street.

their exit from the building in case of fire—there being no less than seven exits leading directly to the streets, and all readily accessible.

The front of the theatre, on Eighth Avenue, is of solid marble, with ornamental cornice; and the interior is lighted by chandeliers in a dome thirty feet in diameter.

Returning to and continuing our progress up the Avenue, we are attracted, despite the glitter of the Avenue itself, to take a passing glance at the Church of the Transfiguration, situated on the north side of Twenty-ninth street, just east of Fifth Avenue, and, with its adjoining Chapel and Rectory, more interesting from its quaint irregularity and air of seclusion, than for any architectural pretensions. Indeed, it may be said to have no architecture at all. The original edifice was erected about fourteen years ago, with the Rev. G. H. Houghton as Rector and a congregation of three members. From time to time, as the congregation grew in numbers and wealth, additions were made, by appending a little chapel at this end, a porch at that end, and a wing at the side, until finally the original building itself disappeared, and gave place to another equally quaint and plain. A glimmer of the Gothic seems to pervade the low, simple eaves, with here and there, in a short slender column or two, perhaps, a shadow of the Arabesque, or something else; so that it is in vain to place the whole structure within the confines of any specific order of art.

With its attendant buildings, the church occupies about ten lots on the street; and with the row of small trees in front, and the little green between the buildings, and the iron railing enclosing them, it would seem, were it not for the out-door bustle and life of the near Avenue, much like one might imagine that little church wherein Tom Pinch was wont to play the organ near the residence of the architectural Pecksniff.

The size of the interior, however, is far greater than one would suppose. When the chapel is given into the main body of the church, as is the custom, by means of folding-doors, this, with the interior of the wing, stretching southward to the street, affords accommodations for a much larger congregation than those of many buildings of far more pretentious exterior. The ceiling is very low, and of smooth, simply-arched oaken wood—the material of all the furniture. The chancel is comparatively small, and contains, besides the altar, a font of simple and exquisite design, and of the pure Parian. The windows are small and narrow, and prettily stained, as are also the windows over the chancel recess.

The principal feature of the interior is the picture, directly behind the pulpit, of the Ascension, a copy from Raphael; and the entire interior is in keeping with the picturesqueness of the Church as seen from the street.

Of all the splendid buildings on Fifth Avenue, none will probably ever be so famous as the marble palace for Mr. A. T. Stewart, nearly completed, at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street. This will unquestionably be, when completed, the most costly and luxurious private residence on the continent. Even in its present unfinished state, words are almost inadequate to describe the beauty and unique grandeur of some of the details of its construction. Mr. Stewart hopes to have it ready for occupation by next fall. Before he enters it as a tenant it will have cost him upward of two million dollars.

The marble-work, which forms the most distinguishing characteristic of this palatial abode, receives its entire shape and finish in the basement and first floor of the building. The fluted columns (purely Corinthian, and with capitals elaborately and delicately carved), which are the most striking feature of the main hall, are alone worth between three thousand five hundred and four thousand dollars each. On the right of this noble passage, as you proceed north from the side entrance, are the reception and drawing rooms, and the breakfast and dining rooms, all with marble finish, and with open doors, affording space for as splendid a promenade, or ball, as could be furnished, probably, by any private residence in Europe.

To the left of the grand hall are the marble staircase and the picture-gallery—the latter about seventy-two by thirty-six feet, lofty and elegant, and singularly well designed. The sleeping-apartments above are executed upon a scale equally luxurious and regardless of expense. Externally, the building must ever remain a monument of the splendor which, as far as opulence is concerned, places some of our merchants on a footing almost with royalty itself, and a glance at the interior will be a privilege eagerly sought by the visiting stranger.

Upon reaching Thirty-fourth Street, a brisk walk of two or three minutes to the east—if we can muster up sufficient resolution to make such a digression from our Fifth Avenue stroll—will bring us into or rather upon Park Avenue. This avenue arches the tunnel of the Harlem River Railroad—a wonderful excavation through the solid granitic stratum beneath—and extends from Thirty-fourth Street a distance of one-quarter of a mile.

It is one of the healthiest, breeziest portions of the city proper, and a most elegant and select locality. Little or no inconvenience is experienced from the noise or smoke of the trains of the Harlem River and New Haven Railroads which are almost constantly trundling beneath the broad, well-kept street. The noise is almost entirely deadened by the deep crust of rock and earth, and, as the cars are drawn by horses to nearly three blocks above the upper mouth of the tunnel, no annoyance is created by either the vapor or the hissing of the iron steeds.

In the centre of the avenue, at regular intervals, are neatly-railed oval enclosures of green sod, with a grated hole in the centre of each. These apertures are for the purpose of transmitting daylight to the tunnel beneath, and their efficacy will have been perceived by any one who has made the subterranean passage. Their general arrangement, and the tastefulness with which they have been disguised, as it were, together with the elegant surroundings, gives the short, broad avenue something of the air of a London terrace.

The Unitarian Church of the Messiah, occupying a commanding site at the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, was only completed a year ago—the dedication taking place in April, 1868—and exhibits in its completion many traits of simple beauty. The architecture may be best expressed as the Rhenish-



Mr. A. T. Stewart's Residence, at corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.

Gothic style. It is built of brick, with gray sandstone trimmings, and covers a space, including the chapel, of 80 by 145 feet. The entrance, on Thirty-fourth Street, is of light-colored stone, elaborately carved, and a little gem as a piece of architecture.

The walls of the interior, which are of plain plaster at present, will be decorated and painted at some future day; and the ceiling is of the simple pendant order. Including the ground, the Church of the Messiah was erected at a cost of \$250,000. The Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., is the pastor.

Immediately adjoining the Church of the Messiah, and occupying the avenue block between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, is the larger and more elaborate Presbyterian Church of the Covenant.

Its dedication dates three years prior to that of its neighbor. It is of the Lombardo-Gothic style of architecture, and, in many of its characteristics, is worthy the attention of the student in that branch of art. It faces the avenue, and is built of rich gray-stone.

These two edifices, occupying the most prominent angle of the broad, quiet street, with the adjacent rows of brown-stone dwellings, and here and there a snowy front of marble to relieve the brown sobriety, serve to render this little Avenue one of the prettiest and most select in the metropolis. From the northern extremity, a fine view is also afforded of the straight line of the Harlem River Railroad, piercing the deep granite cuts of Yorkville, and stretching away to Harlem Bridge, with a glimpse of Central Park foliage and greenery to the left. But to return to the Avenue.

On Murray Hill (Fifth Avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets) stands the Distributing Reservoir of the Croton Water-Works. The tall, massive walls of masonry quickly apprise either the pedestrian or stage-passenger of its presence, and cannot fail to attract his attentive scrutiny if he is a stranger.

The Reservoir is built in the Egyptian style of architecture, with massive buttresses. Between the base of the front wall and the pavement is a strip of turf, which is made a beautiful garden in the spring and summer, when the lower portion of the wall is happily relieved with beautiful roses and other blossoming vines; and the large space between the rear wall and Sixth Avenue forms a pleasant public square for the citizens of that locality.

This Reservoir is the third or Lower Reservoir of the great Croton Aqueduct, which conveys its 60,000,000 gallons of pure water a day, a distance of thirty-two miles, from the Grand Dam at Croton River to the million throats of the metropolis.

Immediately opposite the Distributing Reservoir, on Fifth Avenue, is the building occupied by the Rutgers Female College. This excellent institution was removed to its present locality only a short time ago, and has proved very successful. The building, or series of buildings, were originally erected for dwellings—as, indeed, the two end buildings are at present occupied, the College using the central portion.

The new Jewish Synagogue, on the Avenue, in the immediate neighborhood, is worthy of study, as the purest example of the Moresque style of architecture in this country; and then, before reaching Central Park, we pass a vast edifice in the course of construction, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, on the east side of the Avenue. The walls have even now scarcely reached the height of thirty feet, but, when completed, it will be by far the most magnificent ecclesiastical building in the New World.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, the structure under consideration, was projected by the late Archbishop Hughes, who laid the corner-stone in 1858, during which and the following year the foundations were laid and a portion of the superstructure built, when work was temporarily suspended. Upon the accession of Archbishop McCloskey, however, a new impetus was given to the work, which has been vigorously prosecuted ever since.

The ground occupied (extreme length, three hundred and thirty-two feet; general breadth, one hundred and thirty-two feet, with an extreme breadth at the transepts of one hundred and seventy-four feet) is the most elevated on Fifth Avenue, there being a gradual descent both toward the south, and toward Central Park, on the north. The site, indeed, is singularly happy and fortunate for so great and imposing a structure.

A stratum of solid rock—which in some places is twenty feet below the surface, necessitating a cutting into steps to receive the mason-work—supports the foundations, which are of immense blocks of stone, laid by derricks in cement mortar. The first base-course is of Maine granite—the same as was used in the Treasury Building at the national capital, and the upper surface of the foundations, upon which it rests, are chisel-dressed, and apparently as solid as the crust of the earth.

The material above the base-course is of white marble, from the quarries of Pleasantville, Westchester County—a highly crystalline stone, productive of very beautiful effects, especially in the columns and elaborations of the work.

The style of the building is decorated Gothic—that which prevailed in Europe from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the close of the fourteenth—and will constitute a judicious mean between the heaviness of the latter period and the over-elaboration of later times. Judging from the picture of the building as complete, it appears to be more nearly modelled upon the celebrated Cathedral of Cologne; but there are also fine and correct examples of the same order of architecture in Rheims and Amiens.



Park Avenue.

The decoration of the front (Fifth Avenue) will be unsurpassed in this or any other country. There will be a tower and spire on each corner, each measuring three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground to the summit of the cross, and each thirty-two feet square at the base, and thence to the point at which the form assumes the octagonal—a height of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The towers maintain the square form to this height,



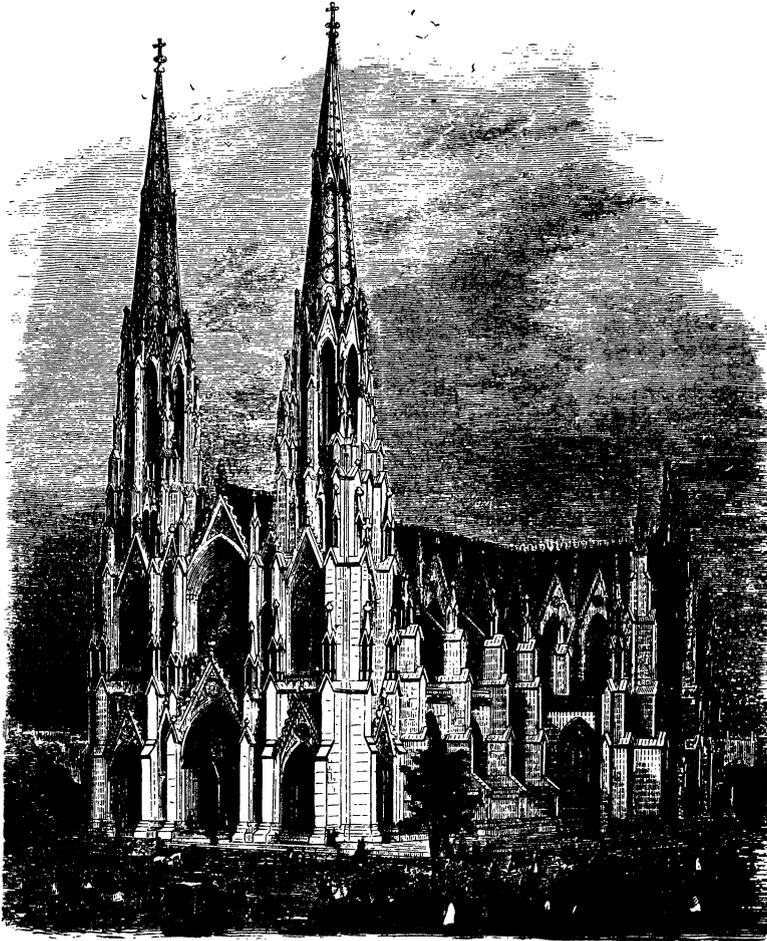
Reservoir and Rutgers Institute.

then rise in octagonal lanterns, fifty-four feet in height, and then spring into magnificent spires to a further elevation of one hundred and thirty-eight feet. The towers and spires are to be ornamented with buttresses, niches with statues, and pinnacles so arranged as to disguise the change from the square to the octagon.

The central gable, between the two towers, will be one hundred and fifty-six feet high. The main entrance will be richly decorated, flanked on either side by a large painted window, and embowered in carved symbols of religion. It is intended to have this structure under roof within ten years.

We are now at Fifty-ninth Street, the lower or southernmost verge of Central Park, and Fifth Avenue is the principal artery through which pulses and throbs the vehicular tide which gives its noble drives their chief animation and display. Above Fifty-ninth Street, the Avenue is, so far, very little built upon; but the lots are held at extravagantly high prices, and it cannot be doubted that ere long all this portion of the street, overlooking Central Park, will be built up with a succession of elegant villas and mansions.

Fifth Avenue is sometimes criticised as almost too solemn in its tone. The architecture lacks variety, it is true, and the too-prevailing brown-stone gives it a monotonous appearance. This is far from being the case, however, when filled with promenaders and vehicles. But the full splendor of our town palaces can only be realized by a peep within. The lavish adornment of metropolitan interiors is a marvel even to travelled eyes. It is known that bronzes, pictures, vases, rare and costly furniture, and articles of *vertu* generally, have one of their best markets in New York. Through the plate-glass windows the promenader may occasionally catch a glimpse of the interior elegance—flowers, vases, gilded furniture, pictures, frescoed walls, and rich upholstery. Fashion is here; rank is here; taste is here; wealth is here; supreme elegance is here; social exclusiveness is here; all the virtues are here. "Was't ever in court, shepherd?" asked Touchstone of Corin. "No, truly." "Then thou art damned." "Nay, I hope." "Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side." "For not being



Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue.



Central Park.

at court?" cries Corin; "your reason?" "Why," answers Touchstone, "if thou never was't at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd." Who shall question this Shakespearean test?

CENTRAL PARK.

There are many public enterprises, intended for the benefit of the city, which mistaken calculations or official corruption have made complete or comparative failures. One, at least, can be presented, which has more than fulfilled the most sanguine expectations that were ever entertained of it. This notable exception is the Central Park. We call it "Central" Park now; had we done so fifteen years ago, we should have been looked upon as lunatics. Allowing something for the foresight of the projectors who named it, there is likelihood that, in less than a quarter of a century, those who called it "Central" will be regarded as—speaking mildly—short-sighted speculators. But, regarding it as it is now, it is unquestionably the most beautiful park of its age in the world, and, even leaving the matter of age out of the question, it is doubtful if any park can be found to surpass it in features of natural and artificial beauty. The admission must be made that its features of natural beauties were few. They were mainly bowlders and swamps. But engineering science came into the field, and the results have been those that the story of Aladdin suggested to us, or that might have occurred in the twinkling of a brilliant dream. It may truthfully be said there is no more beautiful or attractive spot on earth. The Park has outgrown its faults of juvenescence. Its trees may not be as noble in the grandeur of age as those which line the avenues that lead up to the ancestral castles plentiful in Europe; the country is not old enough for that; but what wonders a few years can accomplish have been accomplished in and by the Central Park. It has trees that need not be ashamed to show what they can do in the *sub tegmine fagi* line of business. The shrubberies are as luxuriant as any at Sydenham or Chatsworth. The lakes are more artistically laid out and bordered than in any rival place of the kind. The architectural decorations are beyond comparison, while the practical accommodations for the public have never been approached. In summer, verdant with every shade of green, it is glorious, and in winter it has attractions that only those who have enjoyed them know. Nothing could possibly be so delightful as a moonlight night's skating on its frozen sheets of water, unless it were a summer evening's music-festival upon its emerald swards. To come down to mechanical details about the Park's dimensions is more than ought to be expected. Suppose it does commence at Fifty-ninth Street and extend to One-hundred-and-tenth,



Central Park Drives.

is that to be allowed to interfere with the little touch of romance one feels about it? Why should one's illusion of its illimitable vastness be circumscribed by being told it is thirteen thousand, five hundred and seven feet, nine and four-tenths inches, in length, and twenty-seven hundred and eighteen feet, six and nine-tenths inches, in breadth, making a superficial area of eight hundred and forty-three acres? Why speak by name of its numerous gates, when everybody knows by this time how to get to it and into it? Why speak more fully of its grottoes and caverns and eyries? Are they not known to the multitude of the people? And the menagerie! well, it is not complete yet. There may be lions of Africa and Bengal tigers and elephants to come along after a while; but in the mean time we have to be content with numerous waterfowl and such other additions as foreign and domestic donors may supply. It is good as it is, and future enterprise will make it better. In a very few years there will be a first-class Zoological Collection in the Central Park.

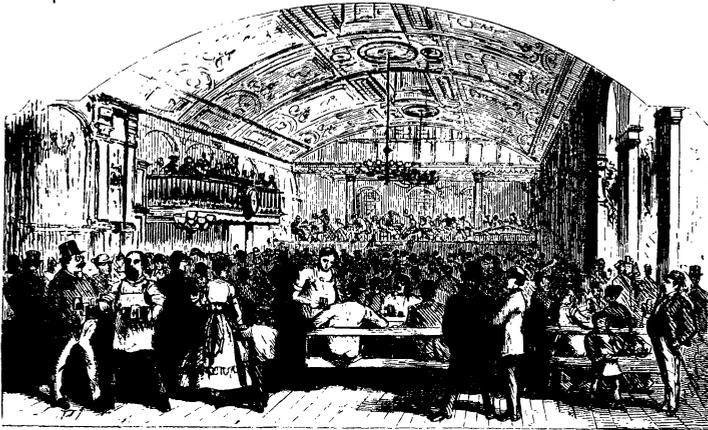
The scene presented by the numerous fine drives of the Park, during the afternoons of a good season, is a brilliant, ever-changing pageant, quite as varied as that presented by Rotten Row in London, and far more extensive. The finest teams and most expensive vehicles of our wealthy classes are mingled with cheap hackney-coaches—not cheap in price, however—bearing pleasure-parties of smaller means, but equally independent, and strangers from the hotels, with now and then a rusty old barouche, or rockaway, in which some old farmer of Westchester, or Jersey, has driven into

the city, in order to show his daughters the Park of which they have heard and read so much.

Excepting the signs of heraldry—and even these are seen at times—the turn-outs of our commercial princes and wealthy sporting-men will vie in completeness and splendor with those of the nobility of Europe.

In fine weather the elegant turn-out of Commodore Vanderbilt is often a striking feature on the road. Dexter, the king of the trotting-turf, with Bonner holding the ribbons, may be seen spurning the smooth way, and defiant of opposition. Fellows's incomparable four-in-hand, for which the Emperor Louis Napoleon is said to have offered a great sum, also frequently graces the drive. And there are others too numerous to particularize.

The sporting-man in his light sulky or skeleton-wagon; the successful banker with his lumbering yet resplendent coach, and liveried footman in the rear; open carriages filled with beautiful and fashionable ladies; the foreign ambassador's gilded coach, with his coat-of-arms emblazoned on the panels; dashing tandems and steeds of world-wide note; these are the elements of the brilliant and varied scene, and the most animated feature of Central Park.



Bowery Music-Hall.

CHATHAM STREET AND THE BOWERY.

SUPPOSE we start from the "Tribune Corner" (corner of Nassau and Spruce Streets), and, leaving the grand, organ-like *Times* Building in our rear, proceed northeasterly, and enter Chatham Street, which, with the Bowery, is equally as characteristic of one side of New-York life as Broadway is of the other. On either side it is almost one unbroken line of Jew clothiers, jewellers, and mock-auction shops. Cheap but specious articles of wearing apparel are suspended in mid-air at every turn, and flap their invitation to the unsophisticated. Simpson's (whose name has become synonymous to metropolitan ears with that of "Mine Uncle") is just to the right, in the same place where it was first established nearly fifty years ago, and a little above, on the west side, is the veritable "Original Jacobs."

We do not proceed far up the long, steep grade by which Chatham Street, or Chatham Square, curves into the Bowery, before we pass the building that was once Purdy's National Theatre—the spectacles and rude melodramas of which were great favorites with the rougher classes. A glance across the way, down Mulberry, Baxter, or any one of the small, filthy little streets intersecting the Square from that quarter, will give us a glimpse into the Five Points—still retaining many of their loathsome, vice-infested tenement-house characteristics—though of late, partly through the action of the authorities, and partly through the efforts of several benevolent societies, this infamous locality has been considerably ventilated.

The tenement-houses of New York are, in many respects, unique to this country, and to this city. The term "barracks," which was once applied to them, is probably the best term, for they are simply nothing else. The hand of improvement, with its wedge of street railroads, its smoke of the factory-chimney, and its brass-buttoned, blue-coated representative of "law and order," has thinned them out considerably from the purlieus of Five Points and Cow Bay; but all through the odorous region of "Mackerelville," for many long and monotonous blocks, on all the alphabetical avenues on the east side of the city, and elsewhere, the tenement-house lifts its towering head of from five to eight stories above the neighboring buildings, and the system has grown more compact and representative in its way than ever before.

In a regular tenement-house neighborhood, in the vicinity of the intersection of Baxter and Pearl Streets, for instance, our system of stowing away our poor out of sight may be studied to very good advantage. The picture arises vividly before any one whose business or curiosity has led him frequently into such a vile haunt of poverty and crime.

The narrow street or alley reaching between the high walls of windows, dirtily tiered one row above the other, is more like a tunnel than a thoroughfare. It is, indeed, a stray gleam of sunshine that ever glances its way down these dingy walls to the reeking street below; yet little children are playing in it—tossing oyster-shells, and throwing stones at a dead kitten, which has been flung from the door of a near grog-shop, and three or four men and women are quarrelling noisily.

All of the tiers of windows that are not broken are dirty. Here and there a slovenly woman lolls lazily out, gazing listlessly, or swearing at some child that may be going beyond the limits of parental instructions on the curb of the street. Some of the windows are broken, and filled in with blankets and old hats.

Stretched across this narrow, tunnel-like street, are lines of ragged, clean-washed clothes hung out to dry, which by no means remind the beholder of the "groves" wherein John Chivery sat and bewailed his unrequited affection for Little Dorrit. In the broader street below, there is as motley and interesting a throng as ever inspired the peculiar genius of a Hogarth or a Dickens. Hucksters' wagons are retailing fish, frowsy vegetables, and woebegone fruit. Longshoremen out of employment, thieves "off duty," half-drunken slatterns reeling toward their rooms with precious flasks of gin; little children prematurely pinched and aged, looking painfully like dwarfed old men and women—are the human elements of the vile neighborhood. The picture is not a pleasant one to dwell upon, but it is a part of New-York life, and no portraiture of the city would be complete without it.

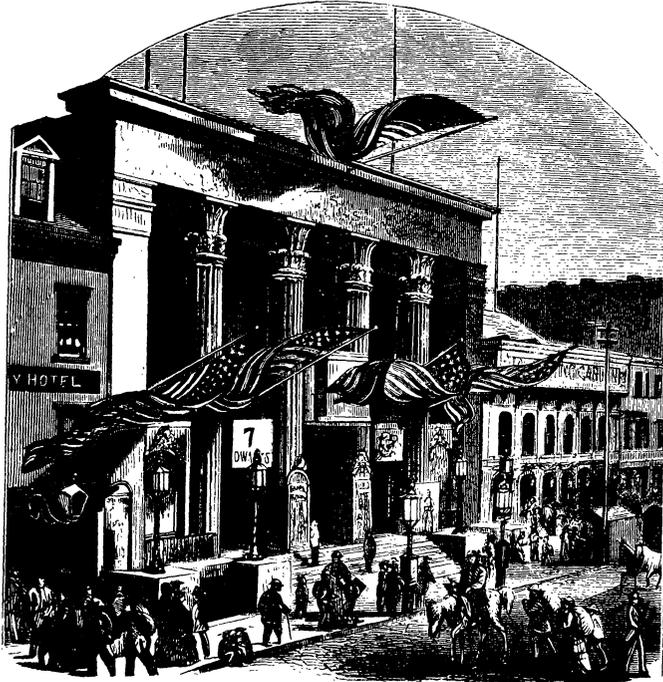
The sidewalks of Chatham Street are crowded at all times during the day and evening, but in the afternoon, at six o'clock—when the work-people (men, women, boys, and girls, with the latter in the predominance) are going homeward from their employment in the down-town manufactories and printing establishments—they present a close, compact stream of humanity, which is quite surprising. Many of the work-girls have pleasing and often beautiful features, but it is painful to notice the freedom with which some of them are willing to bandy rude and indelicate jests with the opposite sex of the same class.

The darker feature of this notorious thoroughfare—and of many portions of the Bowery, likewise—is the infamous chain of underground "Concert Saloons," which are nothing less than brothels of the vilest character. In these holes of irretrievable sin, which extend in hideous clusters down William Street as well, girls—some of them almost children—poor, despairing, ignorant wretches, hopelessly lost to heaven and the world, slowly rot and fester to the grave; and as yet no earnest efforts have been made by the police authorities to eradicate them.

Chatham Square is the broad, spacious place at the summit of the hill, where it is intersected by the Bowery, East Broadway, Oliver Street, and the New Bowery. A portion of it to the right has long been a favorite hack-stand, and fifteen or twenty of these vehicles are almost constantly to be seen there.



Tenement-houses.



Old Bowery Theatre.

Of the several lines of railway that sweep up the hill to enter the Bowery or East Broadway, the Third Avenue line is the most important. It is the longest and richest in the city, and its traffic is probably double that of any other company.

Crossing the Square, we enter the crowded Bowery, with its continuous rows of shops of every description, its characteristic show-cases, fruit and cigar stands, its cheap bar-rooms and oyster-saloons, and its perpetual, varied human tide.

The first edifice which attracts the attention is the Old Bowery Theatre. It occupies the site upon which three theatres have been successively burnt and rebuilt. The present structure is of the Doric order of architecture, and, with its huge, columnar front, presents an imposing appearance. From the sublime—if any be inspired—to the ridiculous, however, is a remarkably nimble step as soon as one glances at the gaudy daubs which flaunt, like banners of burlesque, from the col-

umns, and which are supposed to be truthful delineations of the stage within. Here, for instance, a red-and-yellow Robert Macaire is represented as being hurled to the earth by a sky-blue animal resembling a cross between a wolf and a wild-boar. Another represents a lordly, high-born youth, resembling a Water Street rat-fancier, rushing to the relief of a dark-green fat girl, who is about being carried down a rope-ladder by a crimson-colored corsair, with a violet nose; and the remainder are of the same character.

Nearly opposite the Old Bowery is the New-York Stadt Theatre. It is a handsome edifice externally, and the interior is roomy and commodious. There is generally an excellent stock company employed, and at certain seasons of the year the establishment is largely patronized by our German population.

Immediately above, and adjoining the Old Bowery, is the Atlantic Garden, or Music-Hall. Being the largest and most frequented of its class, a brief description will serve as a type of those German halls and saloons which are so characteristic of the thoroughfare. The front portion of the vast hall is occupied by the bar and lunch-counter; the entire floor is taken up by the beer-tables; and from a gallery in the rear a brass band at intervals discourse their strains.

At certain periods of the evening—say, at the close of the adjoining theatrical performance—the interior of the hall presents a scene inconceivably animated and festive. The bars and counters are thronged with men; men, women, and children—mostly German—fill the multitude of small tables, laughing and talking over their Rhine wine and beer; the white-aproned waiters run hither and thither, almost distracted, and clutching the handles of ten or twelve glasses at the same time; while, over all, the loud, strong music breathes its revelling strains.

There are a large number of fine business buildings on the Bowery, and among these may be mentioned the Citizens' Savings Bank, at the corner of Canal Street and the Bowery, and the Bowery Savings Bank, at No. 130.

The Mechanics and Traders' Savings Bank, No. 283, is also a handsome building, worthy something more than a passing glance.

Though less brilliant than Broadway, the Bowery, in its variety of character and scene, is more truly picturesque.

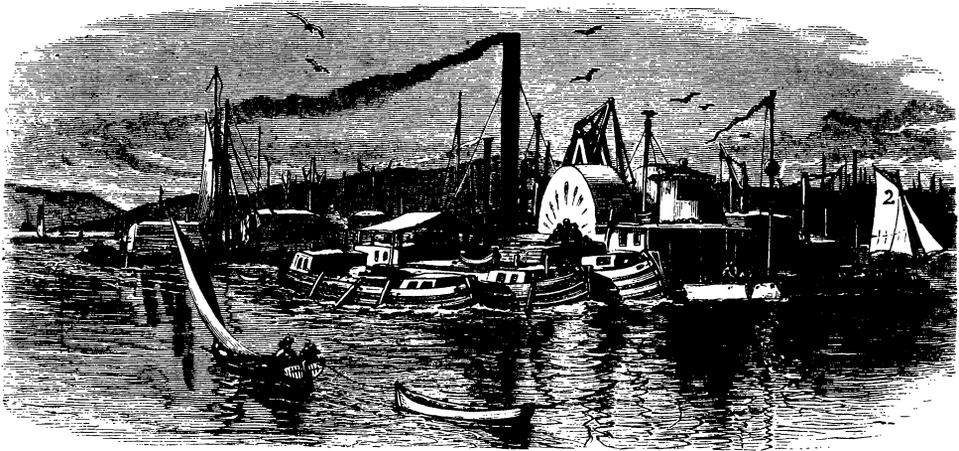
Looking from some slightly elevated position at, say, the corner of Canal Street, north—with perhaps an historical recollection of the old Dutch days when Governor Stuyvesant's "Bowerie Farm" crowned the upper extremity—the prospect is lively and interesting in the extreme. The long lines of shop-windows, the multitude and variety of signs on either side, embracing almost every symbol of business from a painted parasol to the three golden balls of the Lombard usurer; flags and streamers waving from the house-tops, the street-cars and other vehicles rumbling through the thoroughfare; and faces, faces, faces, young and old, male and female, false and

true, passing and re-passing, lounging and hurrying along the teeming sidewalks; all these form some of the elements of the remarkable picture.

The noble brown-stone edifice so boldly prominent at the head of the Bowery, where the little cape of greenery splits it, upon one side, into Third, on the other into Fourth Avenue, is the Cooper Institute.

It was erected by Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York, for the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of his countrymen. The basement is almost entirely taken up by the large hall, or lecture-room, wherein have been held hundreds of political mass-meetings, and which has echoed to the eloquence of the magnates of almost every political faith. The ground floor is occupied by stores and offices, and the Institute proper, or the "Union," commences with the third story. This story contains an exhibition-room one hundred and twenty-five feet long by eighty-two broad. The fourth story is a system of galleries, and with alcoves for works of art. Two large lecture-rooms and the library occupy the fifth story. The library is entirely free, is an excellent one, and, with its reading-room, has been productive of great good among all classes of the community. The building cost about \$300,000, and the annual income from the rented parts is nearly \$30,000.

While in this neighborhood, we must spare time to consider the Bible House, which stands immediately opposite the Cooper Union, on Eighth Street. This mammoth structure, by far the largest of its kind in the world, occupies three acres of ground, being the entire block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Streets, and Third and Fourth Avenues. Somewhat triangular in form, it fronts one hundred and ninety-eight feet on Fourth Avenue, ninety-six on Third Avenue, two hundred and two on Eighth Street, and two hundred and thirty-two on Ninth Street. It is built of red brick, with stone facings, and cost something over \$300,000. A large portion of the interior is divided into offices, the ground floor being occupied by shops and stores; and the rest is devoted, by the Society, to the publishing of bibles. They have printed the Scriptures in twenty-four different dialects, and distributed hundreds of thousands of copies in every part of the United States, supplying prisons, jails, and other institutions for the reformation or punishment of crime, with thousands of copies gratuitously, and have undoubtedly effected much good. The receipts of the Society since the year of its organization (1816) have been between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000. About six hundred and twenty-five persons are employed in the Bible House when in full operation, and the various printing, press, and book-binding departments are yearly visited by hundreds of strangers.



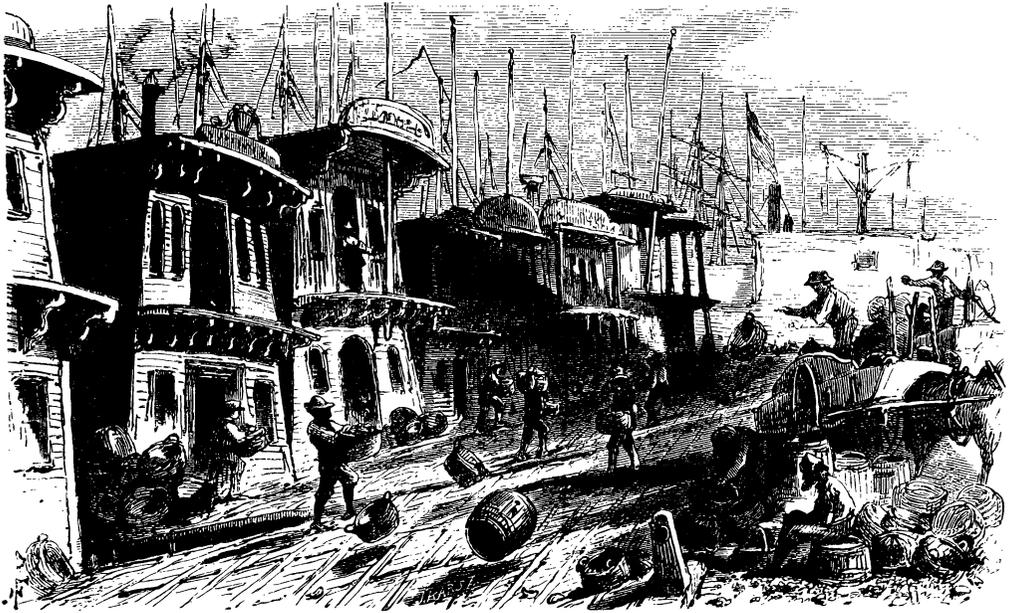
North River Flotilla.

THE WHARVES AND PIERS.

BEING an island, and a singularly-shaped one at that, New York has the conveniences for a greater extent of wharfage than any city in the world, and a stroll around this water-belt of commerce, if it may so be termed, is one of the most interesting that can be made by the visitor desiring to make himself acquainted with the metropolis.

No costly or elegant structures, no massive masonry will surprise us upon this tour. We shall find most of the wharves very rotten, very dirty, very dilapidated, but generally animated and picturesque. Indeed, all the *débris* of the town seems to wash down and settle on this outer rim of the city.

Luckily there is a railroad belting the city, and we may ride or walk, as we please. Beginning at the upper extremity of the town on the North River side, the first impression created is that of newness and confusion.



Oyster Boats.

We find a few wharves jutting out into the stream, and large enclosed basins filled up with discarded rubbish, uniting with the mixed deposits of the sewers.

We will start, for instance, on the North River side at, say, the foot of Fifty-ninth Street—the southern boundary of Central Park. At this point, the cars of the Hudson River Railroad thunder along almost at the water's edge, and, a little above, the river-shore partakes more of the character of a pleasant beach than of the systematically erected borders of a great mart.

The rough-plank hovels crowning the brown rocks, which still present a bold front against the march of improvement, are mainly occupied by Irish laborers. The interior of one of them would present a scene very nearly assimilating that of a cabin among the bogs of the Emerald Isle, with the pig in the parlor, and every other element.

Schooners and sloops, freighted with bricks, lumber, and produce, are skimming up and down the noble stream, and, far on the other side, a graceful yacht or two may be seen rising and falling gently, almost in the shadow of the Palisades.

Passing down, and skirting the vast lumber-yards—which for many blocks form a striking trait of this quarter of the city, and whose controlling interests have, perhaps, caused the demolition of forests in Maine, and the divestment of many a pine-clothed slope of the Adirondacks and the Catskills—we soon approach the roar and bustle of the city.

The crazy little ferry-house at the foot of Forty-second Street is that of the Weehawken Ferry Company, running boats every fifteen minutes to the cluster of taverns and lager-bier gardens at the foot of the highlands opposite. It has been the theatre of many a wild scene between the police and the "roughs," when the latter have endeavored to cross, early in the morning, to engage in their favorite pastime of prize-fighting. In the waiting-room, there, the notorious "Billy Mulligan"—who was said to have had "pistol on the brain"—shot a fellow-rounder through the shoulder; and, to go back *historically*, it was from near this very point that Alexander Hamilton passed to the fatal duel with Aaron Burr, on the heights beyond.

We soon arrive in a neighborhood which may be interesting to the gatherer of statistics, but which is at the same time decidedly unpleasant to the olfactories. This is the region where the soap-boilers, fat-triers, and bone-boilers most do congregate, and whom residence-owners in the line of the poisonous smoke and gases that sweep over the city have in vain endeavored to drive across the stream. A few of the more offensive of these factories have been successfully indicted as nuisances, but the majority still hold their ground, and are likely to do so for some time to come.

A moment's pause before we proceed down the avenue, in order to consider the piers and wharves which we have been passing.

Nearly one half of them are in an intolerably dilapidated and filthy condition. A long promontory of swaying, half-rotted piles, green and black with the ooze of the sewers and the laving of the tides; a dead dog or two and other carrion swirling at their base, with decayed vegetables tossed from passing vessels; a tub-like sloop endeavoring to discharge her cargo as well as the insecure planking will permit; two or three ragged boys—"wharf-mice" will probably best describe them, since the other rodent-compound is mostly applied to wretches of a larger growth—fishing off the half-sunken canal-boat at the end of the unsightly structure; such a picture will answer for more than one-half of the almost worthless wharves and piers extending as low down as the foot of Christopher Street—and there are not a few below that point that are equally as bad. A gigantic scheme to remedy this evil by replacing these piers by iron structures, each surmounted by a five-story iron warehouse, was brought before the Legislature a few years ago, but for some reason it failed.

The large open space, or slip, at the foot of Christopher Street—the principal terminus of the Hoboken Ferry line—affords an agreeable change; and we have also reached one of the most novel water-scenes presented by the metropolis to the visitor from the interior—the oyster-boats. Water-shops will probably more clearly describe them, as they are presented to the reader in our excellent delineation.

By far the great bulk of our oyster-trade is transacted through these floating sheds, some of whose proprietors have achieved colossal fortunes. In schooners, sloops, smacks, and every description of craft, the luscious bivalves are brought from the great plantations of Prince's Bay, Raritan River, Shrewsbury, etc; and in the proper season the scene presented by the long line of oyster-boats is one well worth seeing.

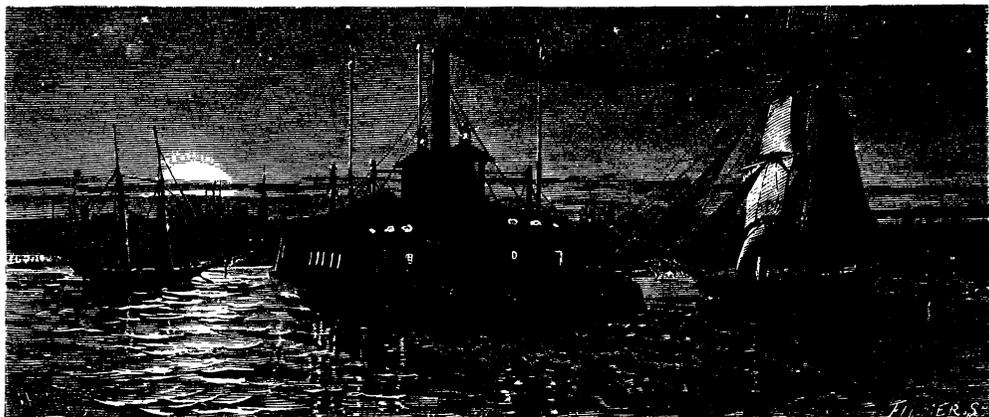
Continuing our stroll further down—with teeming, bustling quays to our right, with many a proud steamship loading or unloading at their verge, and so many bar-rooms and oyster-saloons to our left that one would wonder how they managed to pay expenses, were it not for the jostling traffic in the street and the perpetual stream of life along the side-walk—we soon reach the fine dock of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, at the foot of Canal and Desbrosses Streets, where is also located the bridge of the Desbrosses Street branch of the New Jersey Railroad ferry-boats.

If we go out to the extremity of the open pier to the north, our attention may be riveted for a moment by a North River flotilla, toiling laboriously up or down the stream. This consists of a cluster of canal-boats, rafts, and other lumbering crafts, with a little tug in the centre, puffing away industriously, and looking immeasurably insignificant in proportion to the size and number of the huge vessels which it, nevertheless, bears surely and steadily along. These steam-tugs are built entirely with a view to strength and steam-power, and the work which some of them perform is surprising.

A few steps to the left, along North Moore Street, would afford us a view of the huge and unsightly structure with which the Hudson River Railroad Company have blotted out the beautiful St. John's Square, which was once the most charming feature of a neighborhood of boarding-houses; but, preferring to keep nearer the wharves, we are afforded the pleasure of a view of a North River and a Sound steamer sweeping gallantly and majestically through the stream. The term of "floating-palace" is, indeed, appropriately applicable to these noble vessels—among the finest and most magnificent in the world.

We are now fairly in the heart of the great produce trade, which monopolizes West Street from Canal Street to the Battery, and most of the intersecting streets as far back as Greenwich Street.

This makes the contrast between West Street and the East River side very distinct; for while the latter is



Ferry-boat at Night.



Washington Market—Outside Street Scene.

chiefly marked by the heavy importations from abroad, the prevailing feature of the North River thoroughfare is its commerce with the rural districts and the great West. Flour, meal, butter, eggs, cheese, meats, poultry, fish, cram the tall warehouses and rude sheds, teeming at the water's edge, to their fullest capacity. Fruit-famed, vegetable-renowned Jersey pours four-fifths of its products into this lap of distributive commerce; the river-hugging counties above contribute their share, and car-loads come trundling in from the West to feed this perpetually hungry maw of the Empire City.

The concentration of this great and stirring trade is to be met with at Washington Market.

This vast wooden structure, with its numerous out-buildings and sheds, is an irregular and unsightly one, but presents a most novel and interesting scene within and without. The sheds are mainly devoted to smaller stands and smaller sales. Women with baskets of fish and tubs of tripe on their heads, lusty butcher-boys lugging halves and quarters of beef or mutton into their carts, peddlars of every description, etc., tend to amuse and bewilder at the same time. Some of the produce dealers and brokers, who occupy the little box-like shanties facing the market from the river, do a business almost as large as any of the neighboring merchants boasting their five-story warehouses.



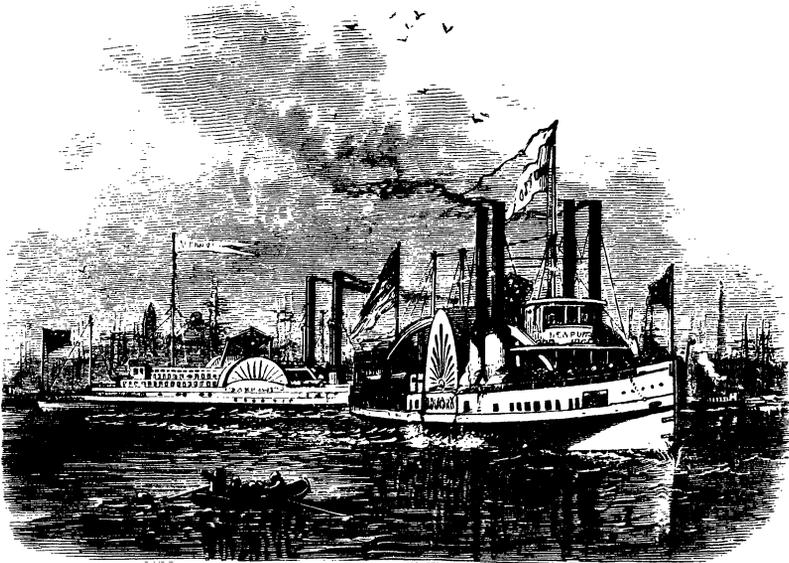
Washington Market—Interior.

The interior of the market is also well worth a visit. Washington Market is so celebrated for the general excellence of its meat and vegetables, that it is continually resorted to by the most aristocratic families on the west side.

Passing down, a few steps serve to take us to the ferry-houses of the New Jersey and the New Jersey Central Railroads,

at the foot of Cortlandt and Liberty Streets respectively—having passed, on our way thither, the handsome house of the Pavonia Ferry, connecting with the Erie Railroad from the foot of Chambers Street.

The boats of the two former companies are by far the largest and finest in the world, and, just after the arrival of one of the Philadelphia trains, present an imposing appearance, as they sweep grandly into their docks, the forward decks alive with an army of veritable carpet-baggers of both sexes. The scene at night, with the few



North River and Sound Steamboats.

lights glittering from the pilot-house and cabins, and the huge mass heaving in toward the swashing piers, is equally imposing.

Fifty-two regular lines of steamers have their landings at the North River piers—mostly between Canal Street and the Battery. We have passed a score or more of them on our way down, taking in or discharging freight, and these, with the innumerable sailing-craft, contribute to make West Street, with the exception of Broadway, probably the most crowded and bustling thoroughfare of the metropolis.

Skirting the Battery, with the wide bay in view, glancing at its passing vessels, its anchored ships, and crossing the roaring mouths of Broadway and Whitehall, we turn the point of the triangular-shaped island, and emerge into the East River.

The first thing that greets us is a wide area of canal-boats. Here the vast traffic of the Erie Canal centres. These canal-boats come down the North River, twenty or thirty locked together fraternally, and in tow of a steamer, looking like great floating islands. Flour and grain are the main products; and these we find to the right and left of us. Warehouses are filled to repletion with them. Wharves and covered platforms are piled high with them. Laden trucks are coming and going, bending under them. We pass on, and enter the domain of the great ships. It is a forest of masts—an old simile, but strikingly true. Here are the great merchantmen, the ships that sail to the Indies, that penetrate the China Sea, that follow the sun in its course. Here are the true old salts, the Captains Cuttle and Bunsby, the ancient mariners of song and story.

How puny seem the majority of the sailing-crafts we have just been viewing on the other side, in comparison with these leviathans of the deep, which for miles and miles of wharf and dock rock with languid majesty on the billows of the tide! Lofty clippers, stanch but rugged from the tempests of Cape Horn; three-masted schooners from Bermuda and the luxurious islets of the Spanish main; ships and barks from the sleepy Levant, lifting their tall prows above the piers almost as high as the roofs of some of the adjacent warehouses; with a foreign man-of-war riding at anchor in the stream; forty smaller craft, a dozen tugs, and twenty ferry-boats, almost constantly afloat—is the largest feature of this wilderness of masts.

Pressing our way through the throngs of hurrying merchants and brokers, rolling sailors, and prying sharpers, and through the rows of fruit and Cheap-Jack stands that line the cumbered sidewalk on either side, we pass the handsome ferry-house at the foot of Wall Street, and a few steps further bring us to Fulton Ferry, with its famous market.

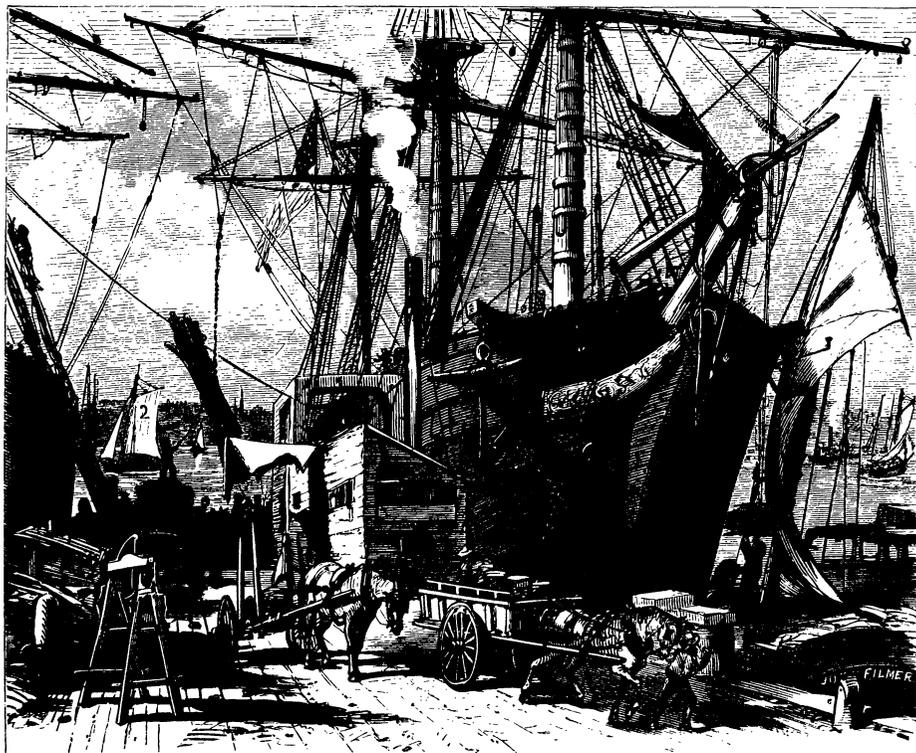
It was built in 1821, at a cost of a quarter of a million, and receives the produce of the East, as Washington Market does of the West. The interior, in one respect, at least, differs from its rival of the west side, and that is in its vast system of oyster saloons and stands which are of world-wide fame, and frequently tempt a visit from members of the fashionable world by their excellence.

Peck, Coenties, and the other Slips, now the scene of a heavy shipping and importing trade, present several old buildings of historical interest.

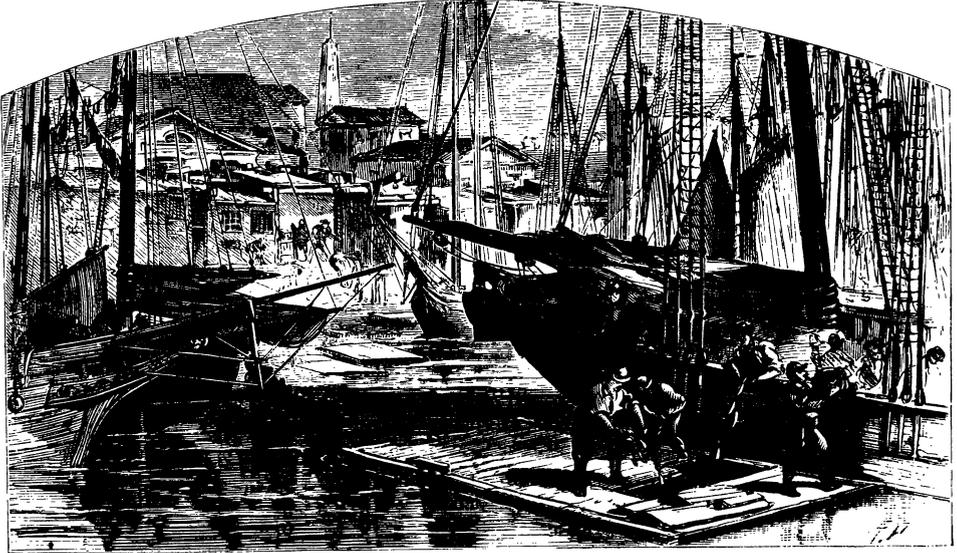
As we resume our stroll along South Street, we pass a group of lively-looking fishing-smacks, riding at anchor in the water-slip, or discharging their finny treasures at the pier. Some of them are fresh from the fisheries off Barnegat, Long Branch, and the Cholera Banks, and, among the baskets filled with the shiners they have captured from the sea, one may easily distinguish the porgy, the black-fish, the sea-bass, the blue-fish, the Spanish-mackerel (last, but best), and numerous other varieties, which grace the tables of our epicures, and contribute largely to appease the fifteen hundred appetites of New York and its suburbs.

After passing Roosevelt, Hunter's Point, and Catharine Street Ferries, we are next lost in wonder while contemplating the system of Dry Docks. Marvellously crazy, rotten, twisted, unsightly objects these dry docks are. Great ships are lifted up in them naked and unseemly, while scores of busy workmen, with oakum, and tar, and copper, hang about their green, slimy, water-eaten bottoms. This whipping up a tall ship into these great altitudes is startling; the dock that supports it looks so frail and rickety, while the ship towers so ominously above you. These docks extend many squares, and then we approach the ship-yards. Alas! they are empty. No more the "clamors of clattering hammers" salute the ear. A few "gnarled and crooked cedar knees" lie piled about, a few timbers with idle urchins playing about them, and this is all we see of the great industry that once reared so many goodly vessels "that should laugh at all disaster." American ship-building has almost passed out of existence, for various reasons. Hurrying by these extensive yards, we draw near the great iron-founderies.

The "Novelty Iron Works" are famous, we believe, everywhere. Not only have there been built here the huge boilers and ponderous engines of many an ocean steamer, but the iron sides of the steamers themselves have been fused, and cast, and shaped, and bolted, and built on this spot. You note your approach to the works by the overflow of superfluous iron-ware. Vast, rusty, propped-up caverns of iron confront you; abandoned boilers, big enough for church-steeple, encumber all the highways; smaller fragments of iron, of manifold mysterious shapes, lie piled up on every curb-stone. Then appear the tall walls, the great chimneys, and all the horrible confusion of vast work-yards and work-shops. All about is grimy and repulsive. The mud is black with coal-dust; the pools of water dark and dismal; the low, rotten, wretched houses clustering about, damp and sooty: all the faces, and all the walls, and all the posts, and every object, grimy and soiled; while the distracting din of innumerable hammers, "closing rivets up," unites in rendering the whole scene purgatorial. A great in-



Wharf Scene.



Fishing-Smacks.

dustry, a great power, a great source of wealth, no doubt, is the iron interest, but the manipulation of that indispensable metal has abundant harsh and discordant features. Beyond the Iron Works are more ship-yards, more ferries, more vessels, with wharf-building, lot-filling, dirt-dumping, and what-not—but our journey may as well end. Here in these upper precincts, at the end of almost every wharf, are groups of naked boys sporting and swimming with noisy glee. Somebody declares it is highly immoral. And that's a pity! All along the shore have been numerous vast bonded warehouses we have scarcely noticed. The teas, cotton, and other merchandise piled in these is almost beyond calculation. Nor have we glanced at the opposite Brooklyn shore, where immense storehouses are erected, and crowds of vessels are loading and unloading. These, although in Brooklyn, belong to New York.

Our wharves, in their activity and bustle, show us preëminently a commercial city. It is to be hoped the time will come when a series of noble stone docks, commensurate with our metropolitan dignity, will surround the city.

THE SUBURBS.

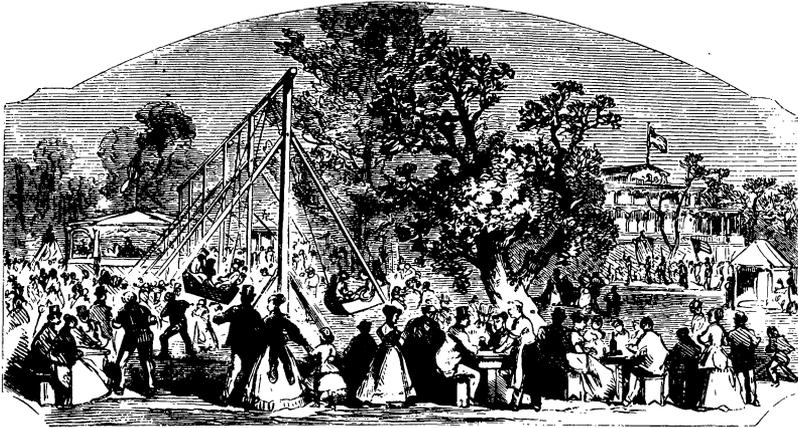
In respect to number, variety, ease, and cheapness of access, the inducements offered to the pleasure or fresh-air seeker of the metropolis are almost unequalled.

Mountain and valley, stream and sea, can be reached in an hour by a pleasant ride or a delightful sail. Game for the huntsman, fish for the angler, gardens for the convivial, splendid watering-places for the rich and fashionable, leafy quiet and green seclusion for the temporary hermit from the world of noisy action—all can be secured with little expenditure and loss of time. And all are eagerly sought, in the proper season, by our own citizens and the thousands of strangers who throng our mammoth hotels, according to the means or inclinations of the votary of pleasure.

Let us first "do" Manhattan Island itself—for, though entirely incorporated in the city of New York, the northern portion possesses enough genuine rusticity to satisfy us during the brief period we may consume in our careless quest. A ride of three-quarters of an hour in the Third Avenue street-cars will bring us to Sixty-eighth Street, at which point rises the handsome iron structure of the railroad company, and, turning to our right, we approach the leafy coast of Lager Bier.

Landmann's Park, just at the corner of the avenue and the street, was once *the* park of the vicinity. But pugilistic exhibitions, rowdy picnics, and other encroachments of the muscular elements, slowly drove the peaceful German toward the deeper-wooded parks that throng East River for a mile or more.

At the junction of this street with First Avenue commences Jones's Wood, still the favorite picnicking resort of the masses of our German population, and others. If it happens to be a day of some great festival, such as the National Sangerfest, or the Schutzen corps, the road, as we approach the entrance to the Park, will be lined with



Jones's Wood.

booths, pedlars, mendicants, and execrable street-musicians. Happy Teutons, with varihued ribbons and gilt badges on their coat-flaps, dance hither and thither, glad and good-natured in their "little brief authority."

The throngs pour up the middle of the road and along the earthen sidewalks—men, women, and children, with the irrepressible baby in the arms of the father—and, buying our ticket, or presenting our pass at the gate, we are in the wood, and proceeding up the coolly-shaded paths toward the river-side.

We hear the crack of the marksman's rifle, or the full, deep-throated German chorus, according to the nature of the festival; and the sounding harmonies of two or three brass-bands, no matter which it may be.

Then we see the hotel and the great wooden pavilion, overlooking the near-flowing stream. Then we are among the dancing-stands, the beer-booths, the hobby-horse platforms, the lofty swings, the pistol-galleries, the bowling-alleys, and the four or five thousand merry-makers.

Round and round to the wild waltz-music skip the rosy, robust frauleins and gretchens with their lovers and their beaux. Skirts are flowing and laughter ringing from the rushing swings. Mounted by freshness and beauty, the hobby-horses fleet around the limits of their little arena; the kiss of balls from the billiard and bagatelle tables, their roll and crash from the bowling alleys, and the perpetual clink, clink of glasses from the bars and booths, join in convivially with the music and the lisp of the slippered foot of the dancer; and a stroll of but a few yards down to the steep river-marge gives upon the swirling stream, with Blackwell's Island immediately opposite, schooners winging their way to and fro in the intervening currents, with perhaps a noble steamer or excursion-barge from the Sound.

Nearly all of the trades' unions and benevolent societies hold their annual picnics at this place, and the Caledonian Society have celebrated their peculiar games here for a number of years.

We can proceed Harlemward by either the Second or Third Avenue Railroad line; and, choosing the latter, because it also takes us through Yorkville—no longer distinct from either the main city or Harlem—we have, on our right, a view of the river and its island-chain, with the intervening flats of green and ooze, which must ere long be entirely filled in and built over; and, on our left, the cosy, old-fashioned, garden-girt houses, which, years ago, were the summer homes of metropolitan fashion and wealth. The broad streets of Harlem are laid out at right angles, most of the buildings are of frame, and they are generally indicative of neatness and unobtrusive thrift, rather than of pretension.

The new Harlem Bridge, which is built of iron, is a rather clumsy-looking structure, and has cost the counties of New York and Westchester about double what it should have done; but it is certainly an immense improvement over the rickety old wooden affair which it superseded. Just above it is the railroad bridge, over which almost constantly trundle the trains of the Harlem River and New Haven Railroads.

At this point and vicinity, both above and below the bridges, a large number of boats and little smacks are constantly moored in the fishing season, and a pleasant row on the smooth bosom of the delightful little river may be enjoyed at a small expense. These, with the expansive water-view looking toward the mouth of the stream, with the salt, seaweedy smell of the tides as they wash through the long grasses of the flats, serve to render the place picturesque and agreeable, and thousands seek the vicinity, by boat and rail, on holidays and summer Sundays.

But the famous High Bridge is the chief object of our quest in this locality. It can be reached in several

ways—by the Harlem River excursion steamers, which touch at several East River slips and piers on their way up and down ; by a small-boat, if you care for a two-mile tug at the oars ; by the Harlem River Railroad, from the company's depot on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue ; or by a five or six dollar hack-drive, through Central Park and the roads beyond.

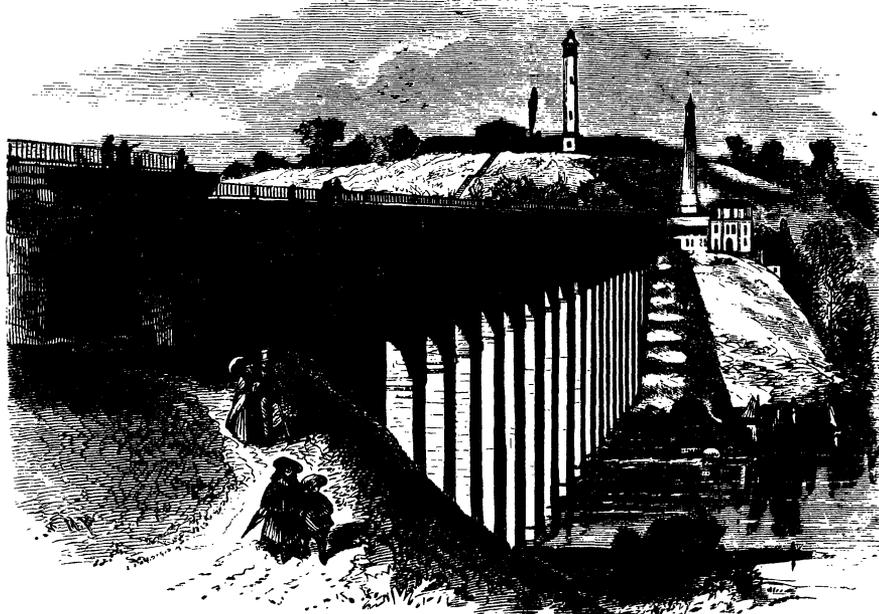
If we go by water, we shall pass the old-fashioned tavern and grounds of McComb's Dam—once a favorite halting-place with the owners of fast teams, but of late given up to the training of prize-fighters, *et al.*, and long since cast in the shade by the more opulent and fashionable houses on the other side of the stream. As we proceed up the river, the banks on either side grow more bold and precipitous, and a single turn in our course gives us a full view of High Bridge itself.

The material employed in erecting this magnificent structure—the most important connected with the Croton Aqueduct—is granite throughout. It spans the whole width of the valley and river, from cliff to cliff, at a point where the latter is six hundred and twenty feet wide, and the former a quarter of a mile. It is composed of eight arches, each with a span of eighty feet, and the elevation of the arches gives one hundred feet clear of the river from their lower side. There are, besides these, a number of arches rising from the ground, with an average span of forty-five feet each. The water is led over the bridge, a distance of one thousand four hundred and fifty feet, in immense iron pipes, as great in diameter as the stature of a tall man, and over all is a pathway for pedestrians. On the lofty bank at the lower extremity of the bridge is situated a fine hotel, whose airy saloons and broad porticoes are, in pleasant weather, thronged with gentlemen and ladies, refreshing themselves after their drives. The grounds in the rear include an orchard and handsome gardens, while verdant lawns slope steeply to the water's edge.

The road crossing the New Bridge at Harlem leads through a chain of little Westchester towns, only a mile or two apart, and comprising Mott Haven, Melrose, Morrisania, Tremont, and Fordham, containing many pleasant residences, and favorite resorts of our German population, on account of their numerous beer gardens and saloons. All of these places did an extraordinary Sunday business during the rigorous enforcement of the Excise Law.

An excursion up East River, as far as Throgg's Point, sixteen miles from the city, will afford a pleasing and interesting panorama of both wave and shore.

Passing the ship-thronged wharves and docks of the metropolis on the one hand, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the other, we soon have a capital view of Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands, with their imposing institutions for the correction or alleviation of some of our social evils—one or two of them the most complete edifices of their kind in the country—not forgetting a passing glance at the grotesque crazy man's fort at the upper extremity of Blackwell's Island—and, rushing through the swirling waters of the Gate, the pleasant and



High Bridge.



Coney Island.

picturesque villages of Astoria and Flushing are soon in sight upon the Long Island shore. The academy and botanic gardens of the former are worthy a visit, and an interesting feature of its location is the singular whirlpool of Hell Gate, which is strongest and most turbulent at this point.

Flushing, at the entrance of Long Island Sound, also contains extensive gardens, nurseries, and numerous elegant residences, and may be reached, by boat, twice a day, from the dock adjoining the Fulton Ferry, as well as much oftener by rail.

Continuing our sail in this direction, we are soon off Throgg's Point. This is the termination, at Long Island Sound, of Throgg's, or Throgmorton's Neck, and from the summit of the bold headland, which divides East River from the Sound, a noble prospect is obtained. The little archipelagoes of green and rocky islets gleam brightly in the sunshine, or appear and disappear strangely in the foggy morning, and, with the broken and wooded Westchester shore, eight or ten miles away, form a sunrise or a sunset scene in the spring or fall of the year, which has often attracted the pencils of our most prominent sketchers. The fishing among these islands is also most excellent, especially for sea-bass and blackfish.

Fort Schuyler, on the Point, and Pelham Bridge—both interesting and romantic localities—may likewise be embraced in this excursion.

Let us now, in as regular order as we can arrange our pleasure-search, take an excursion-boat (there are any number of them in fine weather) at one of the lower North River piers, and breast the bosom of the glorious Hudson, world-famed for its matchless scenery, and appropriately styled the Rhine of America. The reminiscences of our Revolutionary struggle hallow its dark waters, and, all along its craggy shores, quaint legendary lore is mingled with memories of the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

Its elegant aquatic palaces—the steamers plying between the metropolis and the towns and cities along its wild and lovely shores—are unequalled for magnificence and completeness. As our vessel quits the dock, we first pass the Elysian Fields of Hoboken, Weehawken Bluff, and Bergen Heights, on the west, and the long line of city wharves and factories on the east.

A little further up rises Fort Lee, a rocky bluff which commences the Palisades, extending some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river, and then striking inland. Fort Lee has of late become a favorite resort of excursionists and picnic parties. It has a fine hotel, and the surrounding scenery contains all the enchantment of combined ruggedness and beauty. On the opposite shore is still to be seen the island of Manhattan, which on this side runs up into the long, rocky point terminating at Spuyten Duyvel Creek.

The western shore is of the tertiary formation, while the island is composed of primitive granite. Among other public buildings to be seen garnishing the edge of the latter, as we proceed up the river, are the Orphan Asylum and the Lunatic Asylum.

Manhattanville is next visible, embosomed in a soft valley, and surrounded by hills. This was the home of Audubon, the celebrated naturalist.

Next comes Carmansville, a cluster of rural residences, nine miles from the city proper, and a favorite with New-Yorkers as a suburban retreat.

Fort Washington, a bold and rocky height, fraught with Revolutionary associations, springs before us, a mile further up. This place, now presenting a large number of elegant country seats, was the scene of a sanguinary encounter with the invading army, in which the Americans lost some two thousand prisoners.

We are now fairly among the Palisades, those irregular walls of trap-rock, springing in rude, stern columns from Nature's hand, and forming lofty precipices at the river's brink on either side. They are indescribably wild and beautiful. In some places may be seen, poised aloft, enormous masses of rock, apparently just trembling on the fall, and whose fall, it would seem, might cause the solid globe itself to quiver to its base. Hardy stunted trees cling to the bare ledges and corrugated sides with their grapnel-roots; wild-flowering vines sometimes twine the dark rocks almost to their dizzy summits; and now and then a white cottage may be seen set like a star against the frowning walls, or perched on high, like an eagle's nest. Here and there a break will occur, and stretching through the gap, with Titanic buttresses on either side, the enchanted vision penetrates a wondrous scene of lake and inlet, reaching far inland, and losing themselves among the misty mountains of the background, like a dream. Wild birds scream above the heights, and vanish strangely in the ragged foldings of the drifting fogs; and the white-winged vessels, floating on the bosom of the shadowed stream, appear like tiny fairy craft.

The romantic little village of Yonkers, on the eastern side, sixteen miles from the metropolis, is a great resort as a rural retreat. Hastings is the next place of historical note; and here the Palisades begin to recede from the river. Dobb's Ferry, also a favorite resort, and an important spot in Revolutionary times, is on the same side. We next come to Sunnyside, the "Wolfert's Roost" of Washington Irving, whose "Sketch-Book" you, like enough, hold in your hand at this moment. But the lovely and antique villa is scarcely visible from the water, it is so deeply bowered in the trees.

Tappan Village, with its spreading bay and noble scenery, is the next place of interest, which is redoubled from the fact of its having been the headquarters of General Washington, and the place of Major André's execution, in 1780.

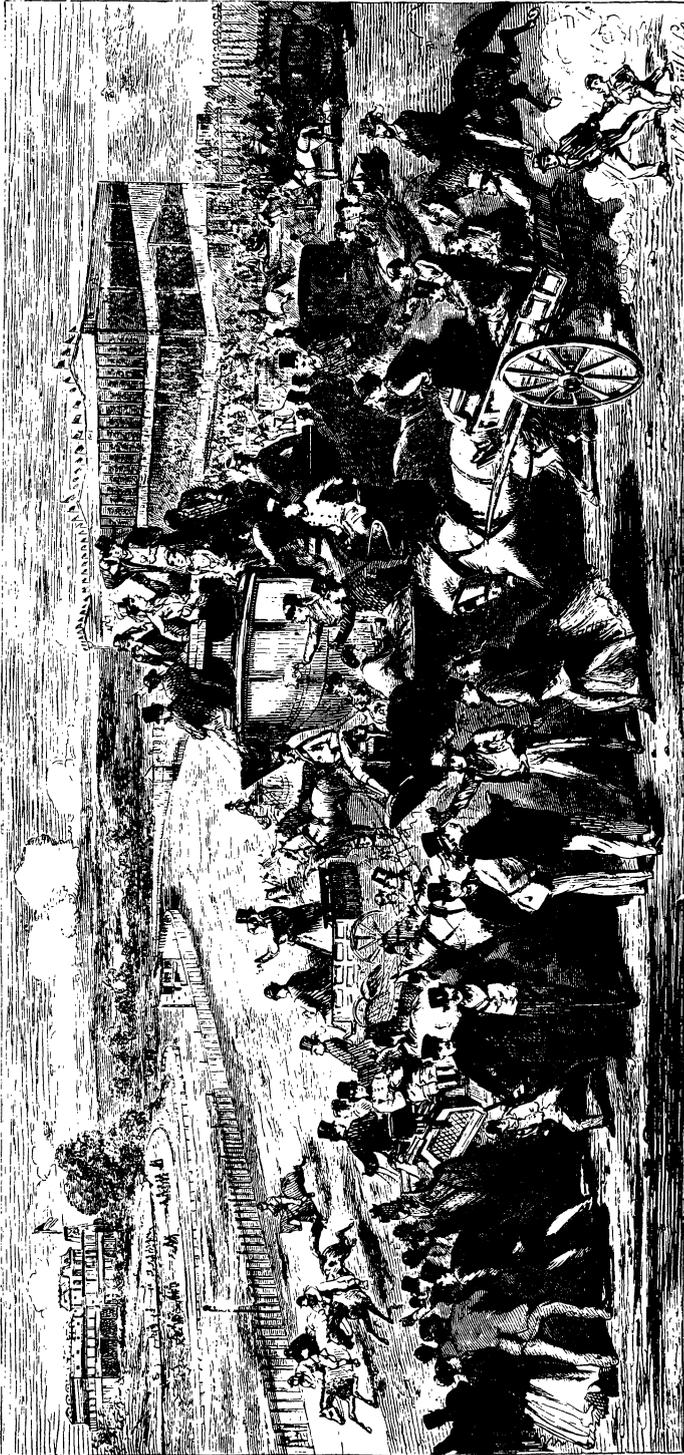
Tarrytown (twenty-six miles from New York) is famed as the place of André's capture, by Paulding and his comrades, the spot being indicated by a monument, erected about three-quarters of a mile north of the town.

"Sleepy Hollow," the scene of Ichabod Crane's adventure with the "Galloping Hessian," in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," is about two miles distant, and will be found to be in excellent keeping with the story; the quietude of enchantment reigning everywhere, only disturbed, or rather lulled to deeper slumber, by the low murmur of the mill-stream.

Among the more picturesque and interesting localities between this spot and West Point, are Sing Sing, Verdrige's Hook (a bold headland, on the summit of which is a lovely lake, the source of the Hackensack River); Croton Village, with its river which supplies New York with water, and its celebrated Dam; Stony Point, the site of the Revolutionary fort of that name; Verplanck's Point; Peekskill; Caldwell's Landing, situated at the base of the Dunderberg; and Buttermilk Falls, a narrow but picturesque cataract of about two hundred feet fall.

We now reach West Point, distant fifty miles from the city, and affording, doubtless, some of the most magnificent series of scenery in America. We say *series*, because a twenty-minutes' walk in almost any direction will present a scene totally varied and distinct from those which preceded it. Looking across the river, we have the water-view below the bluffs, and the gently-rolling land and happy farms of Putnam County, with enough of the Highlands upon its side to back the view with vigor and effect. To the northward, a gap in the stern hills allows the view to wander almost to Cornwall; and the varied mountain scenery, looking inland, from any point of eminence, is so wild and lovely as to demand the brush and easel, rather than the pen, to furnish an adequate delineation.

The Military Academy, the chief attraction to the visiting stranger, is one of the noblest institutions of the United States Government; and the beautiful grounds attached are laid out with singular elegance and taste.



Jerome Park.

The hotel, which is an excellent one, has an observatory, from which can be obtained a most extensive and imposing view. Nearly every spot in this vicinity is full of historic interest. Fort Clinton occupied the site of the Academy itself. The ruins of Fort Putnam and others are still to be seen; and near the steamboat landing is the rock from which the chain was stretched across the river in the Revolutionary War.

Cozzens's Hotel, a fashionable watering-place, is in the immediate vicinity of West Point. It is a large porticoed building, and occupies a lofty and picturesque position above the river.

And so on to the Katskills, also haunted by the legendary lore which Irving has left imperishable, with a dozen intervening objects of historical interest and splendid scenery, we can while away the delicious hours of our river-excursion, with a vivid panorama which must recur in many a dream and after-thought.

By another excursion, we may visit some of the very pleasant localities of Long Island and New Jersey.

A railroad jaunt of half an hour, by either the New Jersey or New Jersey Central Railroad, will bring us to the quaint old town of Elizabeth. It was built in 1664, and is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest settlement in the State of New Jersey. It has many handsome dwellings, and the beautifully-arranged streets are garnished with rich foliage. This and a number of other towns on the railway lines have of late years become very popular with New-Yorkers, as places for permanent residence, and real estate in their vicinity has advanced in price incredibly.

If the visitor to Elizabeth proceeds by the New Jersey Railroad, he will pass through Newark, though the stoppages here are so brief as to allow him scant time for the inspection of that large and important city. If he takes the Central line, he will have a fine water-view nearly all the way, and will cross Newark Bay—a noble sheet of water—on probably the longest railroad bridge in the world.

From Newark, Orange is only four miles distant, and a drive through this picturesque town, or an excursion to the top of Orange Mountain, through the beautiful Llewellyn Park, is a very charming trip. The view from Orange Mountain is very fine, extending to New York Bay, and having the far-off Trinity steeple as one of its distant objects. The country around Orange is very picturesque, is well wooded, is marked by very old orchards, quaint, embowered cottages, and other evidences of a long settlement.

A little longer jaunt will bring us to Paterson, and the Falls of the Passaic. The water is not of great volume, but its tumbling leap over rocky precipices into the narrow ravine makes it one of the most romantic cascades to be found.

Paterson is also famous for its annual races, and, when the great meetings take place, the town and its suburbs are crowded with turf-lovers from the metropolis and all over the country.

And while we are on the subject of racing, we might as well dispose of the large and fashionable grounds which have in a measure thrown all rivals in the shade—those known as Jerome Park.

The sport of horse-racing, for which the Anglo-Saxon Celtic race throughout the world seems to have an irrepresible passion, was never conducted on a thoroughly systematic basis and in such a way as to render it at once popular and fashionable, until Mr. Jerome and the gentlemen associated with him took the matter in hand. They have succeeded in giving a zest and brilliancy to these affairs that were never before known in the United States, not even at the most enthusiastic demonstrations for which New Orleans, Charleston, St. Louis, and Mobile, have in former times been famous. Our artist has caught one of the most exciting episodes connected with a contest between high-mettled champions of the turf with a graphic felicity that could not be equalled by even the realistic details of the photograph. There is not any part of it which does not give evidence of fine artistic faculty. The dim perspective, typical of a level expanse of fertile fields; the easy rendering of the handsome extent and finish of the Club buildings on the left; the marvellous idea given of a colossal crowd on the grand stand, and of the multifarious congregation between that point and the striking groups in the foreground. These foreground groups are, though, the feature of the picture. Every type of character to be found on a race-course is here individualized. The party of young "swells" mounted on an aristocratic four-in-hand "drag" is the prominent apex of the design; the Washington-Market boy, with spirited steed harnessed to the market-dray of his craft, he looking as though telling you in the immortal language of Keyser, "if you didn't believe he was a butcher, to smell of his boots;" the gay coterie of gamblers and their female companions in their hired barouche—the "cut" of the driver indicating the "turnout" is from a livery stable; the eager betting-men disputing over the chances of their favorite animals; the pickpocket being escorted by a policeman to the rear, and the general public, only anxious to behold the race, rushing for places where a good sight can be had—all these points are masterly, and tell more than any pen can do.

Jamaica, Long Island, is a pleasant old rural town, which may be reached three or four times a day, by the Long Island Railroad at South Ferry. Besides possessing many handsome residences, and other objects of interest, it is the highway of communication to Hempstead, Greenpoint, Rockaway, and Montauk.

Rockaway has several large hotels, and its famous beach is, probably, the finest for sea-bathing in the world.

Flushing is a very charming town, situated on Flushing Bay, and reached either by steamboat or rail. The former starts from near Peck Slip, and the cars run from Hunter's Point, which connect by ferries with Thirty-fourth Street and Chambers Street, East River.

Bay Side, situated about four miles from Flushing, is a delightful place for a day's excursion; the scenery is beautiful, and the bay is famous for its clams—a roast or chowder served up in primitive style being one of the features of the place. This place can be reached by private conveyance only, but which can be obtained at Flushing at moderate charges.

Montauk, on the extremity of Long Island, and almost surrounded by water, affords a magnificent view of the broad Atlantic, which here laps the horizon in almost every direction. One of the most interesting features of the neighborhood is a remnant of pure Indians still living on this eastern extremity of the coast. They mostly subsist by fishing, their dress and manners are rude and picturesque, and they still retain, in a small measure, the dialect of their red forefathers.

Staten Island, whose beautiful green hills, embosoming so many pleasant towns and elegant villas, guard the western side of the Narrows, also affords some exquisite scenery. The three ferry-landings, fronting on the Bay, are very popular, more especially among the poorer and middle classes, as places of Sunday and holiday resort; and the towns of Richmond, New Brighton, and others, with their adjacent clusters of elegant mansions and country-seats, are full of attraction.

The lower, or Jersey-facing, side of the Island is best reached by taking the boat which leaves the North River pier near the Battery, and plies through the Kills, as the long sea-inlets separating the island from Jersey are termed.

Just before entering them, we pass the neat and pleasant buildings of Sailors' Snug Harbor—looking snug and cosy enough to satisfy almost any weary mariner upon the sea of life. The shores of the island facing the Kills are garnished with even more fine country-seats than the other side, and the waters are favorite offings for our yachtsmen and boating-parties. Vast plantations of oysters are cultivated here, and the fleets of oyster-boats and fishing-smacks give animation to the pleasant scene. Elm Park, on the shore of the island, about an hour's sail from the city, is finely situated, and was once a favorite place for temporary resort for all classes; but the rowdy element has possessed it almost entirely for the past few years.

While in the Kills, we can enter Raritan Bay, and proceed to quaint old Perth Amboy, so named from its having been originally chartered to the Earl of Perth, in 1683. It is a neat and picturesque watering-place, and, with Shrewsbury and one or two other ports, forms a sort of headquarters of the fishing and oyster trade. Many years ago the Perth Amboians cherished the hope that their port was destined to be the metropolis of the continent; and there are still to be found some old fossils of the past—amphibious *habitues* of the dilapidated tap-rooms—who vaunt the wealth and commerce of their little town as incomparably superior to Manhattan Island.

An excursion through the Narrows, round the outer Bay to the New Jersey Highlands, and up the Nevisink River, affords equal pleasure and interest.

This is the route usually taken by the Long Branch steamers, communicating with the railroad leading to that fashionable sea-side resort. In warm weather these boats are crowded with fashionables of both sexes, and long trains of cars are kept running almost constantly to the great hotels which line the beach for over a mile.

The Highlands of New Jersey afford the finest and boldest ocean-front presented by that State. The scenery is mostly rugged and wild, but many pleasant hotels are crouched upon the beach, between the headlands and the sea, with every facility for boating, fishing, and still-water sea-bathing. Numerous picturesque boat-houses, belonging to clubs or individuals, also add to the beauty of the scene.

Passing up the Nevisink, a brief sail, with noble scenery on either side, brings us to the pleasant town of Red Bank. It does not boast many imposing or elegant buildings, but is a delightful place, and has one fine hotel, which has a quiet run of custom.

If one wishes a nearer beach than that of Long Branch, the incomparable Coney Island—ininitely better and safer for sea-bathing—is easily accessible.

It can be reached by boat from Pier No. 1, North River, or by cars from Brooklyn.

Time was when this sea-girt, barren sand-heap, was the only fashionable sea-bathing resort for New-Yorkers, and when its beach was thronged with the beauty and the refinement of Manhattan Island and Brooklyn. But its nearness to the city, and the increasing facilities of reaching it, caused it to be speedily monopolized, with few exceptions, by the rougher classes and loose characters, and it was long ago abandoned by the "upper ten" for fresher waves and beaches more remote.

But, in the hot season, Coney Island is the great democratic resort—the ocean bath-tub of the great unwashed—and it is even more representative in its way than any of its more aristocratic rivals.

The boats which convey you there are generally filled with rough and noisy men and women, and wrangling and fighting, with many of them, is the chief part of the day's amusement. The cars are safer, more agreeable, and land you at a part of the island distant from the steamboat landing. These cars connect at Greenwood with lines from all the Brooklyn ferries.

The Tivoli and other hotels at the railway termini are pretty good in their way; while the Pavilion, which stands midway between the boat-landing and the beach, is chiefly noted for its excellent clams and execrable champagne. On a hot afternoon, the scene presented by the beach, thronged with half-naked men and scantily-costumed women, running hither and thither, and rolling in the surf, is delineated by our artist more vividly than pen can describe. Here are also sharpers and confidence-men in abundance; and here, too, may be found the inevitable Three-card-monte man, with his one-legged table driven in the firm sand, the same old grease-spot on the same old card, the same old assurance from his voluble lips that "your money's as free as the water that runs in the sea, only just come and take one shy to prove your luck."

Moonlight excursions, and trips to the fishing-banks, are also a popular means of summer enjoyment.

One should not omit from his list of suburban trips a visit to Greenwood Cemetery, which, by common consent, is admitted to be the most beautiful "City of the Dead" in the world. Its undulating surface is well covered with trees and shrubbery; little miniature lakes lie slumberingly in its hollows; and many delightful vistas open continually to the traveller along its winding paths. Many of the monuments are very noticeable; some imposing, others fanciful, and very many lavish in carving and decoration. Greenwood Cemetery is situated in Brooklyn, about three miles from the ferries, with which numerous lines of cars continually connect.

STRANGERS' GUIDE.

By noting the peculiar shape of New York, strangers will be much aided in travelling about the city. New York is situated on a long, narrow island. Broadway, which begins at its lower terminus, at the Battery, runs nearly through the centre lengthwise, and in a straight line, until reaching Fourteenth street, when it glances off obliquely to the west. Above Fourteenth street, Fifth Avenue divides the city right and left, and all the streets above this point, crossing the city, are known as West and East; for instance, West Fourteenth street is west of Fifth Avenue, and East Fourteenth street is east of Fifth Avenue. These streets are numbered, beginning at Fifth Avenue. The city runs north and south. The southern extremity is at the Battery. Hence, when walking up-town, or from the lower part of the city, the right hand is east, the left hand west. The cross-streets above Fourteenth street are of nearly an equal distance apart, and twenty-one squares make a mile.

CITY RAILROADS.

Bleecker st. and Fulton Ferry.—From W. 12th st. 10th Av., to Bleecker, through Bleecker, across Broadway to Crosby, thence to the Park, down Beekman st. to ferry. Returns through Ann st. to Park, thence mainly by same streets to terminus.

Central Park and North River.—From Central Park, west, through 59th st. to 10th Av., thence by river avenues to Battery and South Ferry.

Central Park and East River.—From Central Park, east, through 59th st., by East River avenues, connecting with all East River ferries, to South Ferry and Battery.

Dry Dock, and East Broadway.—From E. 14th st. to Park, through eastern avenues and East Broadway.

Grand st., E. R., to Cortlandt st., N. R.—Through Canal, Greenwich st., etc., connecting Jersey City ferries with Williamsburgh ferries.

Thirty-fourth st. to Park.—East side, by Av. B. East Broadway, etc.

Eighth Av.—From 125th st. through Eighth Av., Hudson, and W. Broadway, to cor. Vesey and Broadway (Astor House).

Ninth Av.—From W. 54th st. through Ninth Av., Greenwich to cor. Fulton and Broadway.

Second Av.—From Harlem through Second Av., Bowery, to Peck Slip, East River.

Seventh Av., and Broadway.—From Central Park through Seventh Av., Broadway to 14th st., thence Wooster and W. Broadway to cor. Barclay and Broadway (Astor House).

Seventh Av.—From Central Park through Seventh Av. to Greenwich Av., thence by Washington Park to Thompson, to same terminus as above.

Sixth Av.—From Central Park through Sixth Av. to Canal, W. Broadway, to cor. Vesey st. and Broadway (Astor House).

Third Av.—From Harlem through Third Av., Bowery, and Chatham st., to Park.

W. 42d st.—By Tenth Av., 34th st., Broadway, 23d st., Fourth Av., 14th st., etc., to Grand st., E. R.

COLLEGES.

Columbia College, E. 49th st. Fourth Av. Theo. Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, W. 20th st., between Ninth and Tenth Av. Rutgers Female College, 489 Fifth Av., between 41st and 42d sts. St. Francis Xavier, 49 W. 15th st. Union Theo. Seminary, 9 University Place. University, Washington Square, on University Place, corner Clinton Place, two squares W. of Broadway.

FERRIES.

Brooklyn.—Catharine Slip to Main st. Reached by Second Avenue cars.

Brooklyn.—Foot Fulton to Fulton st. Reached by Fifth Avenue stages, and Bleecker st. cars.

Brooklyn.—Foot Jackson to Hudson Avenue.

Brooklyn.—Foot Wall to Montague st. Reached by Wall st. and Broadway stages.

Brooklyn.—Foot Whitehall to Atlantic st. Reached by a large number of Broadway stages, etc.

Brooklyn.—Foot New Chambers to Bridge st. Reached by Second Avenue cars, and Belt Line.

Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot Roosevelt to S. 7th st.

Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot E. Houston to Grand st.

Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot Grand to Grand st., and to S. 7th.

Bull's Ferry and Fort Lee.—Pier 51 N. R.

Greenpoint.—Foot E. 10th and foot E. 23d.

Hamilton Av.—Foot Whitehall to Atlantic Dock.

Hoboken.—Foot Barclay, N. R.

Hoboken.—Foot Christopher, N. R.

Hunter's Point.—Foot E. 34th to Ferry st.

Hunter's Point.—James st., E. R., to Ferry st.

Jersey City.—Foot Cortlandt to Montgomery st. Reached by Second st. and Broadway stages, Grand st. and Belt Line railroads.

Jersey City.—Foot Desbrosses to Exchange pl. Grand st. and Belt Line railroads.

Mott Haven.—Pier 24 E. R.

Pavonia.—Foot Chambers st., N. R., to Long Dock.

Staten Island.—(Quarantine, Stapleton, and Vanderbilt's Landing.) Foot Whitehall. Reached by Broadway stages to South Ferry.

Staten Island.—Pier 19, N. R.

Weehawken.—Foot W. 42d.

GALLERIES.

Academy of Design, corner of Fourth av. and 23d st.

Goupil's, corner of 22d st. and Fifth av. Free.

Snedecor's, Broadway, near 10th st. Free.

Schaus's, 749 Broadway. Free.

Somerville's, corner 14th st. and Fifth av. Free.

HOSPITALS.

Bellevue, ft. E. 26th. Children's Hospital and Nursery, E. 51st n. Third Av. German, Fourth Av. c. E. 77th. Mt. Sinai, 232 W. 23th. New York, 319 Broadway. New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

216 Second Av. New York Infirmary for women and Children, 126 Second Av. New York Ophthalmic, 387 Fourth Av.—is open daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. New York Homeopathic Infirmary for Women, W. 48th c. Sixth Av. Seamen's Fund and Retreat (S. I.), 12 Old Slip. St. Luke's, W. 54th c. Fifth Av. St. Vincent's, 195 W. 11th. (Under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.) Ward's Island (office Castle Garden). Women's, E. 50th, c. Fourth Av.

LIBRARIES.

Apprentices', 472 Broadway. Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Astor, Lafayette pl. n. Astor pl.—(a short square E. of Broadway, between 4th st. and Astor Place). Open daily, except Sundays and holidays, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Free.

City, 12 City Hall.—Open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Free to all persons.

Cooper Union, Seventh c. Fourth av.;—Open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Library of the American Institute, Cooper Union.—Open daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Mercantile Library Association, Astor pl.—Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Down-town office, 49 Liberty.

New York Historical Society, Second av. c. E. 11th.—Open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

New York Law Institute, 41 Chambers.—Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

New York Society, 67 University pl.—Open from 8 A. M. until 6 P. M.

Printers', 3 Chambers.—Open every Saturday evening.

Woman's, 44 Franklin.—Open daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Young Men's Christian Ass'n, 161 Fifth av., Third av. c. E. 122d, 285 Hudson, 69 Ludlow, and 97 Wooster.—Open daily from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS, COLLEGES, AND SOCIETIES.

Bellevue Hospital Med. Col., foot E. 26th st. College of Pharmacy of the City of New York. College of Physicians and Surgeons, E. 23d st., corner Fourth Av. Eclectic Medical College, 223 E. 26th st. Hahnemann Acad. of Med., 105 Fourth Av. Homeopathic Medical College, 151 E. 20th st. Homeopathic Medical Soc.:—H. M. Smith, Sec., 105 Fourth Av. N. Y. Academy of Medicine.—Meets at E. 23d, corner Fourth Av., 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month. N. Y. College of Dentistry, 25 W. 27th st. N. Y. College of Veterinary Surgeons, 179 Lex. Av. N. Y. Medical College for Women, 102 E. 13th st. N. Y. Pathological Soc. E. 23d., corner Fourth Av. University Medical College, Worth near Church.

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BOOTH'S THEATRE, corner of 23d st. and 6th av. Broadway and 23d st. stages and Sixth av. cars pass the door. Broadway cars pass within one square to the E., and the Seventh av. cars within one square to the W.

BOWERY THEATRE is situated on Bowery, near Canal st. Third and Second av. cars pass the door. A branch of the Bleecker st. line (yellow cars) also pass it. This is the only line that connects it with the W. side.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, in Tammany Hall building, 14th st., a short distance E. of Broadway.

FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, 14th st., just W. of Sixth av. The situation is three squares W. of Broadway. No omnibuses reach it. Sixth av. cars are close at hand.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE (formerly known as "Pike's"), at c. 23d st. and 8th av. Broadway and 23d st. omnibuses and Eighth av. cars pass the door.

NIBLO'S THEATRE, on Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts., in rear of Metropolitan Hotel. All the Broadway omnibuses pass the door.

NEW YORK STADT THEATRE, in Bowery, nearly opposite the Bowery Theatre.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, 622 Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker sts. All the Broadway omnibuses pass the door.

TAMMANY THEATRE, on 14th st., a short distance E. of Broadway.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, on Broadway, corner of 13th st., one square below Union Park. All Broadway omnibuses (except Fifth av.) pass the door; Fourth av. cars are at the rear; Broadway cars one short square to the W.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway near 30th st. Broadway and 42d st. cars pass the door. It is situated a short square E. of Sixth av.

PRINCIPAL CEMETERIES.

Calvary (Roman Catholic), Newtown, L. I., reached by Flushing R. R., Hunter's Point, by ferry from E. 34th st., or James Slip.

Cypress Hills, on the Myrtle av. and Jamaica Plank road, five miles from Williamsburgh ferries. Office, 3 Tryon Row.

Greenwood, on Gowanus Heights, Brooklyn. Reached by cars from any of the Brooklyn ferries. Office, 3 Broadway.

Trinity, between W. 153d and 155th sts., and Tenth av. and N. R. Hudson River way trains stop at 159th st.

PRINCIPAL CHURCHES.

Baptist.

Calvary, 50 W. 23d; R. J. W. Buckland, Minister, 173 Seventh av.

Fifth Avenue, W. 46th n. Fifth av.; Thomas Armitage, Minister, h. 2 W. 46th.

Freewill Baptist, 104 W. 17th; C. E. Blake, Minister, at church.

Madison Avenue, c. E. 31st; Henry G. Weston, Minister.

Murray Hill, Lex. av. c. E. 37th; Sidney A. Corey, Minister.

Pilgrim, W. 33d n. Eighth av.; H. W. Knapp, Minister.

South, 235 W. 25th; Samuel Knapp, Minister.

Tabernacle, 162 Second av.; J. R. Kendrick, Minister, h. 210 E. 17th.

Congregational.

Church of the Pilgrims, 365 W. 48th; Seymour A. Baker, Minister.

Church of the Puritans; G. B. Cheever, Minister.

New England, W. 41st n. Sixth av.; Lyman Abbott, Minister, h. 203 W. 34th.

Tabernacle, Sixth av. c. W. 34th; J. P. Thompson, Minister, h. 32 W. 36th.

Dutch Reformed.

Collegiate, Lafayette pl. c. E. 4th; North Dutch, William c. Fulton; Fifth av. c. W. 29th; Lecture Room, W. 48th n. 5th av.; Thomas Dewitt, h. 55 E. 9th, T. E. Vermilye, h. 50 E. 49th, T. W. Chambers, h. 70 W. 36th, Ministers.

North Dutch, J. L. McNair, Missionary, 103 Fulton.

Northwest, 145 W. 23d; H. D. Ganse, Minister, h. 358 W. 22d.

South, Fifth av. c. W. 21st; E. P. Rogers, Minister, h. 42 W. 27th.

Thirty-fourth Street, 307 W. 34th; Peter Stryker, Minister, h. 319 W. 31st.

Washington Square, Wash. sq. E. c. Wash. pl.; Mancius S. Hutton, Minister, h. 47 E. 9th.

Friends.

East Fifteenth, c. Rutherford pl. Twentieth Street, E. 20th n. Third av. Twenty-seventh Street; 43 W. 27th.

Jewish Synagogues.

Adas Jeshurun, W. 39th n. Seventh av. Adereth El, 135 E. 29th.

Beth Cholim, 138 W. 38th. Beth El, 248 W. 33d.

Lutheran.

Gustavus Adolphus, 91 E. 22d. Holy Trinity, W. 21st n. Sixth av.; G. F. Krotel, Minister.

Lutheran, Av. B. c. E. 9th; F. W. Foehlinger, Minister.

St. James, 216 E. 15th; A. C. Wedekind, Minister.

St. Luke's, 318 W. 43d; G. W. Drees, Minister.

Methodist Episcopal.

Eighteenth Street, 307 W. 18th; Parsonage, 305 W. 18th.

Fifty-third Street, 231 W. 53d; Parsonage, 235 W. 53d.

Forty-third Street, 253 W. 43d; Parsonage, 249 W. 43d.

John Street, 44 John.

Ladies' Five Points Home Mission, 61 Park.

Rose Hill, 221 E. 27th; Parsonage, 219 E. 27th.

St. Paul's, Fourth av. c. E. 22d; Parsonage, 289 Fourth av.

Second Street, 276 Second; Parsonage, 230 Second.

Trinity, 248 W. 34th; Parsonage, 263 W. 34th.

Twenty-fourth Street, 359 W. 24th. Washington Square, 137 W. Fourth; Parsonage, 80 Macdougall.

Presbyterian.

Brick, Fifth av. c. W. 37th; Gardiner Spring, Minister, h. 6 E. 37th.

Chelsea, 353 W. 22d; E. D. Smith, Minister; h. 453 W. 21st.

Church of the Covenant, Fourth av. c. E. 35th; George L. Prentiss, Minister, h. next church.

Fifteenth Street, 130 E. 15th; Samuel D. Alexander, Minister, h. 144 E. 22d.

Fifth Avenue, c. E. 19th; John Hall, Minister, h. 30 E. 18th.

First, Fifth av. c. W. 11th; W. M. Paxton, Minister, h. 49 W. 11th.

Fortieth Street, E. 40th n. Lexington av.; John E. Annan, Minister, h. 114 E. 48th.

Forty-second Street, 233 W. 42d; W. A. Scott, Minister, h. 208 W. 42d.

Fourth Avenue, 286 Fourth av.; Howard Crosby, Minister, h. 306 Second av.

Lexington av. c. E. 46th; Joseph Sanderson, Minister, h. 124 E. 46th.

Madison Square, Madison av. c. E. 24th; William Adams, Minister, h. 8 E. 24th.

Rutgers, Madison av. c. E. 29th; N. W. Conkling, Minister, h. 112 E. 31st.

Twenty-third Street, 210 W. 23d; H. D. Northrup, Minister.

University Place, c. Tenth; A. H. Kellogg, Minister.

Protestant Episcopal.

Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, Bishop, h. 38 E. 22d.

Annunciation, 142 W. 14th; S. Seabury, Rector, h. W. 20th n. Ninth.

Ascension, Fifth av. c. W. 10th; John Cotton Smith, Rector, h. 7 W. 10th.

Calvary, Fourth av. c. E. 21st; E. A. Washburn, Rector, h. 103 E. 21st.

Christ, Fifth av. c. E. 35th; F. C. Ewer, Rector, h. 55 W. 34th.

Du St. Esprit, 30 W. 22d.; A. Verren, Rector, h. 38 W. 22d.

Grace, 800 Broadway.

Holy Trinity, Madison av. c. E. 42d; S. H. Tyng, Jr., Rector, h. 117 W. 43d.

St. Alban's, Lex. av. c. E. 47th; C. W. Morrill, Rector.

St. Ann's, 7 W. 18th; Thomas Gallaudet, Rector, h. 9 W. 18th.

St. George's, Rutherford pl. c. E. 16th; Stephen H. Tyng, Rector, h. 209 E. 16th.

St. John's, 46 Varick; S. H. Weston, h. 409 W. 23d.

St. Luke's, 483 Hudson; Isaac H. Tuttle, Rector, h. 477 Hudson.

St. Mark's, Stuyvesant n. Second av.; A. H. Vinton, Rector, h. 156 Second av.

St. Paul's, Broadway c. Vesey; B. I. Haight, Minister, office, 7 Church, h. 56 W. 26th.

St. Thomas's, Fifth av. c. W. 53d; W. F. Morgan, Rector, h. 28 W. 39th.

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Roman Catholic.

St. Ann's, 149 Eighth; T. S. Preston, Priest, h. 145 Eighth.

St. Francis Xavier, 36 W. 16th; J. Loyzance, Priest, h. 49 W. 15th.

St. Patrick's, Cathedral, Mott c. Prince; Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbp.; Very Rev. Wm. Starra, Vicar-Genl.; T. S. Preston, Chancellor; F. McNeiry, Sec.; P. F. McSweeney, J. H. McGeane, and J. Kearney, Priests, h. 263 Mulberry.

St. Peter's, Barclay c. Church; Wm. Quinn, Priest, h. 15 Barclay.

St. Stephen's, 149 E. 28th; E. McGlynn, Priest, h. 142 E. 29th.

Unitarian.

All Souls, Fourth av. c. E. 20th; H. W. Bellows, Minister, h. next church.

Messiah, E. 34th c. Park av.; S. Osgood, Minister, h. 154 W. 11th.

Third, W. 40th n. Sixth av.; O. B. Frothingham, Minister, h. 50 W. 36th.

Universalist.

Third, 206 Bleeker; D. K. Lee, Minister, h. 23 Perry.

Fourth, Fifth av. c. W. 45th; E. H. Chapin, Minister, h. 14 E. 33d.

Our Saviour, 65 W. 35th; James M. Pullman, Minister, h. 24 W. 29th.

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High Bridge, by Harlem steamers, or Harlem cars, thence by small steamers up Harlem River.

Hoboken, by Hoboken ferries. (See Ferries.)

Weehawken, by Hoboken ferries, thence by cars; or by Weehawken ferry, foot of 42d street.

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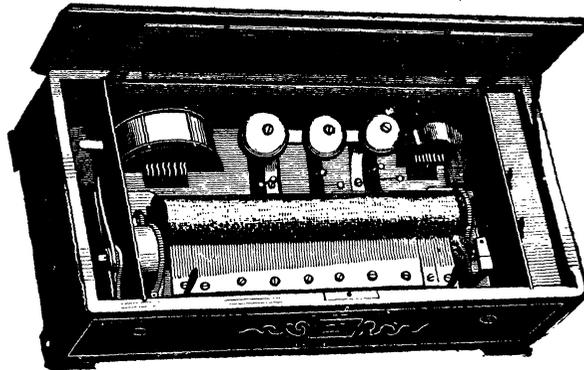
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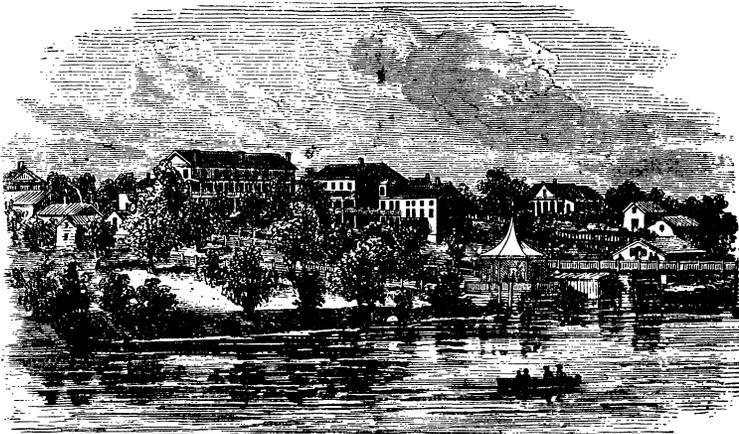
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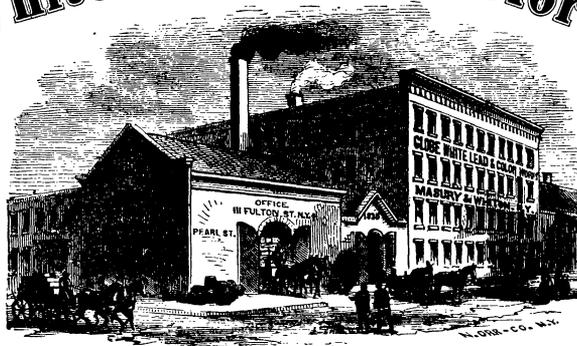
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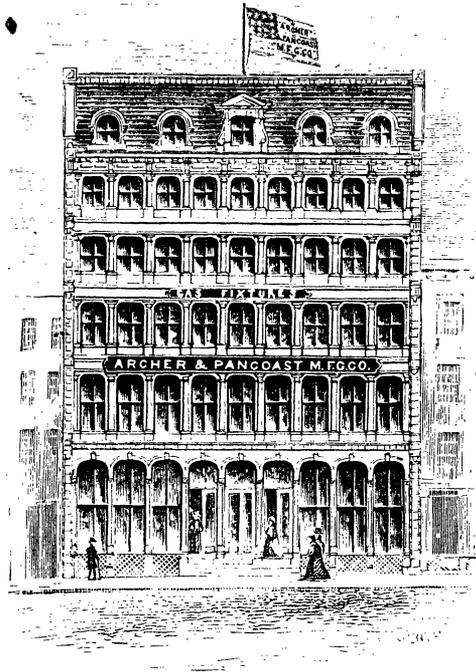
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